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The Seed

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SEED

CHICAGO VOLUME 4 NUMBER 11

35¢



DO IT!

DO IT! A forthcoming book by Jerry Rubin-- available late January
Introduction by Eldridge Cleaver
Designed, with 120 illustrations, by Quentin Fiore
Published by Simon & Schuster

Child of Amerika

I am a child of Amerika.

If I'm ever sent to Death Row for my revolutionary "crimes," I'll order as my last meal: a hamburger, french fries and a Coke.

I dig big cities.

I love to read the sports pages and gossip columns. I listen to the radio and watch color TV.

I dig department stores, huge supermarkets and airports. I feel secure (though not necessarily hungry) when I see Howard Johnson's on the expressway.

I groove on Hollywood movies—even bad ones.

I speak only one language—English.

I love rock 'n' roll.

I collected baseball players' cards when I was a kid and wanted to play second base for the Cincinnati Reds, my home team.

I got a car when I was sixteen after flunking my first driver's test and crying for a week waiting to take it a second time.

I went to the kind of high school where you had to pass a test to get in.

I graduated in the bottom half of the class.

My classmates voted me the "busiest" senior in the school.

I had short, short, short hair.

I dug Catcher in the Rye.

I didn't have pimples.

I became an ace young reporter for the Cincinnati Post and Times-Star. "Son," the managing editor said to me, "someday you're going to be a helluva reporter, maybe the greatest reporter this city's ever seen."

I loved Adlai Stevenson.

My father drove a truck delivering bread and later became an organizer in the Bakery Drivers' Union. He dug Jimmy Hoffa (so do I). He died of heart failure at fifty-two.

My mother had a college degree and played the piano. She died of cancer at the age of fifty-one.

I took care of my brother, Gil, from the time he was thirteen.

I dodged the draft.

I went to Oberlin College for a year, graduated from the University of Cincinnati, spent 1½ years in Israel and started graduate school at Berkeley.

I dropped out.

I dropped out of the White Race and the American nation.

I dig being free.

I like getting high.

I don't own a suit or a tie.

I live for the revolution.

I'm a yippie!

I'm a child of Amerika.

Fuck Amerika!

Our Leaders Are Five-Year-Olds

Amerika says **Don't!**

The yippies say **Do It!**

Everything the yippies do is aimed at three-to-seven-year-olds.

We're child molesters.

Our message: Don't grow up. Growing up means giving up your dreams.

Our parents are waging a genocidal war against their own kids. The economy has no use or need for youth. Everything is already built. Our existence is a crime.

The next logical step is to kill us. So Amerika drafts her young niggers and sends us to die in Vietnam.

The function of school is to keep white middle-class youth off the streets. High schools and colleges are fancy baby-sitting agencies.

Vietnam and the school system are the two main fronts in Amerika's genocidal campaign against the youth. Jails and mental hospitals follow closely.

Thursday, January 8. Abe goes to the Conspiracy trial and tries to watch a witness in blue booties almost get disqualified because he wanted to take one kind of oath and not another. He has had two hours sleep. Armando walks into the office. Rita is shivering behind the desk. It is 50 degrees in the office. He goes into the lay-out room. It is 40 degrees there. The toilet in the dark-room is frozen solid. He rigs up his father's 25-year-old oil heater with a rickety length of pipe. It leaks. He lights it. It works, after a fashion. He starts tacking plastic over the ice-covered windows. Kay calls. She has to go to the Loop in the car. Armando has to go to the Southwest Side. They argue. He wins. Kay tries to take the El. She waits 45 minutes for a train in rush hour. When she gets on, it is so crowded that her feet don't touch the floor. Which doesn't matter, since she can't feel them anyway.

Phil wins the prize for hardest Seed seller of all time, as he sells eight three-year-old Seeds in five hours in Piper's Alley.

Coming back from the Southwest Side, Armando has a flat tire. He drives on it for five miles before he finds a gas station that will fix it. The spare is flat. It is now dark, and an outdoor thermometer reads -20. He has to put the tire on and take it off again four times before it's airtight.

Kay still can't feel her feet.

After court, Abe has to go to Oak Park to be on Rudnick's show. A switch is frozen and it looks like a CTA auction down the tracks. There's no cab at the other end and he walks a half a mile to the show. Cold plus wind equals -41. He turns blue. When he gets there he can't talk. At nine he finally gets out a tentative word. The show is over.

Wanderoo and Marshall are sitting around the office digging the heat when the stove pipe melts. There is no way to turn off the oil burner. Flame shoots out the holes in the pipe as Marshall runs for the fire extinguisher. They spray CO₂ all over. Wanderoo dumps clay into the burner, and oil runs out over the floor. Armando returns, and another argument ensues. They all abandon the lay-out room to the vicissitudes of the climate. Kay collapses into a chair, and it collapses. The toilet is melting and overflowing. Big deal. Everyone goes home. Just as feel is returning to Kay's feet, she has to go to the store where she works to let in the plumber so he can fix the pipes in the storeroom ceiling which burst the day before. And Abe finally gets into bed and drifts off to sleep, only to be awakened by Armando who calls up to find out what kind of bummers he had today.

This issue of the Seed. Volume 4 Number 11, to be exact, was produced amidst the bitter winds of January by: Wanderoo, Marshall, Armando, Eliot, George, Abe, Rita, Kay, Lynda and Bill.

Also - Colin, Paul Krassner, Jean Raisler, the Yippie family, Karl Meschbach, Bernie Farber, George III, Jerry Rubin, Linda Morse, Bob Rudnick, Joel Teen, Lynn, Camille, Arthur Konegis, and the helpful folks at the zoo. And of course, Donovan and the Thuggees.

This issue is dedicated to Terry and Rick --- the end of an era. You can leave the paper, but you'll never leave the Seed.

Seed	2551 N Halsted	929-0133
Rising Up Angry	(messages)	943-1424
Chicago Defender		225-2400
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Chgo. Journ. Review		644-5255
Conspiracy	28 E Jackson	427-7773
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	236-1895
SDS	1608 Madison	666-3874
Newsreel	2440 N Lincoln	248-2018
Print Co-op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Rev. Auto Co-op	3825 N Ashland	528-5112
Black Panther Party	2350 W Madison	243-8276
Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	348-6842
IWW	2422 N Halsted	549-5045
Young Patriots	1421 W Wilson	334-8957
LADO	2734 W Division	276-7314
YLO/PEOPLE'S CHURCH	834 W Armitage	549-5407
Chi Peace Council	343 S Dearborn	922-6578

Mental Health Cinc	1900 N Sedgwick	642-3531
VD Clinic	27 E 26th St	842-0222
LSD Rescue		338-6750
Grace Church (runaways)	555 W Belden	549-1002

Cadre	519 W North	664-6895
Hyde Pk Anti-Draft	5615 S Woodlawn	363-1248
No. Shore Anti-Draft		475-2260
Lawndale Assn.		636-7715
Amer. Friends	407 S Dearborn	427-2533

ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Student Comm.	357 E Chicago	649-8462
People's Law	2156 N Halsted	929-1880

Police	(request district)	922-4747
Police Emergency		765-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th & California	523-0101
Ombudsman	Box 8080, Chi 60680	744-8080

"DON'T TRUST ANYONE OVER 30."

Thus spake Jack Weinberg and 2,000 people at a Free Speech Movement rally in Berkeley rose to their feet. The generation gap was born.

Everybody agreed with FSM's goals. But some people said: "Be patient and go through channels." Others screamed: "I can't sit still!"

Suddenly we realized what was going down. Instead of wasting time asking someone what his political position was, all you had to ask was his age.

Those over 30 were snuggled up against the status quo, youthful ideals behind them. They were in a leaky rowboat on a stormy sea. "Quit rocking the boat," they said.

But soon "Don't trust anyone over 30," the proud radical slogan, was taken over by the conservatives. The over-30's said: "Wait till you reach 30; you'll be just like us." They saw the movement as an adolescent stage one passed through on his way to the suburbs.

Some of us reached the age of 30. We didn't grow up.

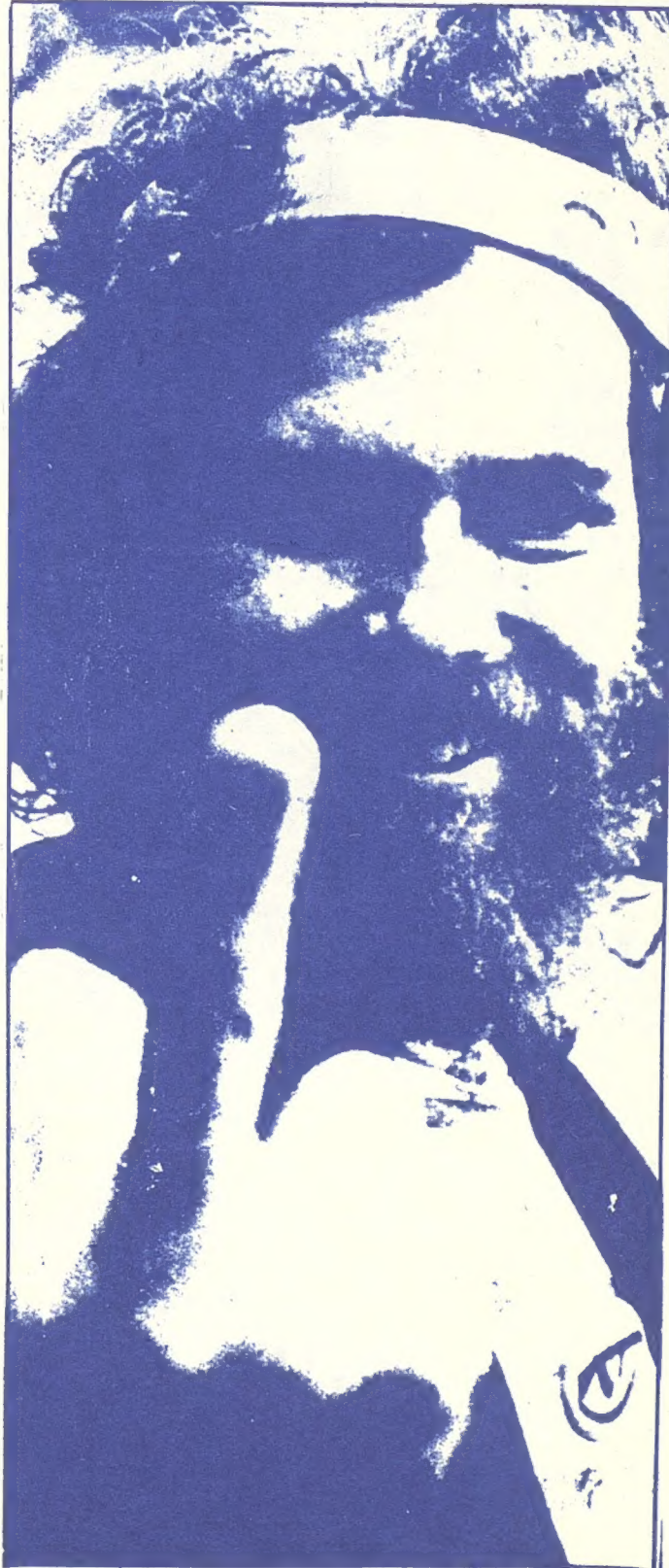
We say: "Don't trust anyone over 40!"

We're permanent adolescents.

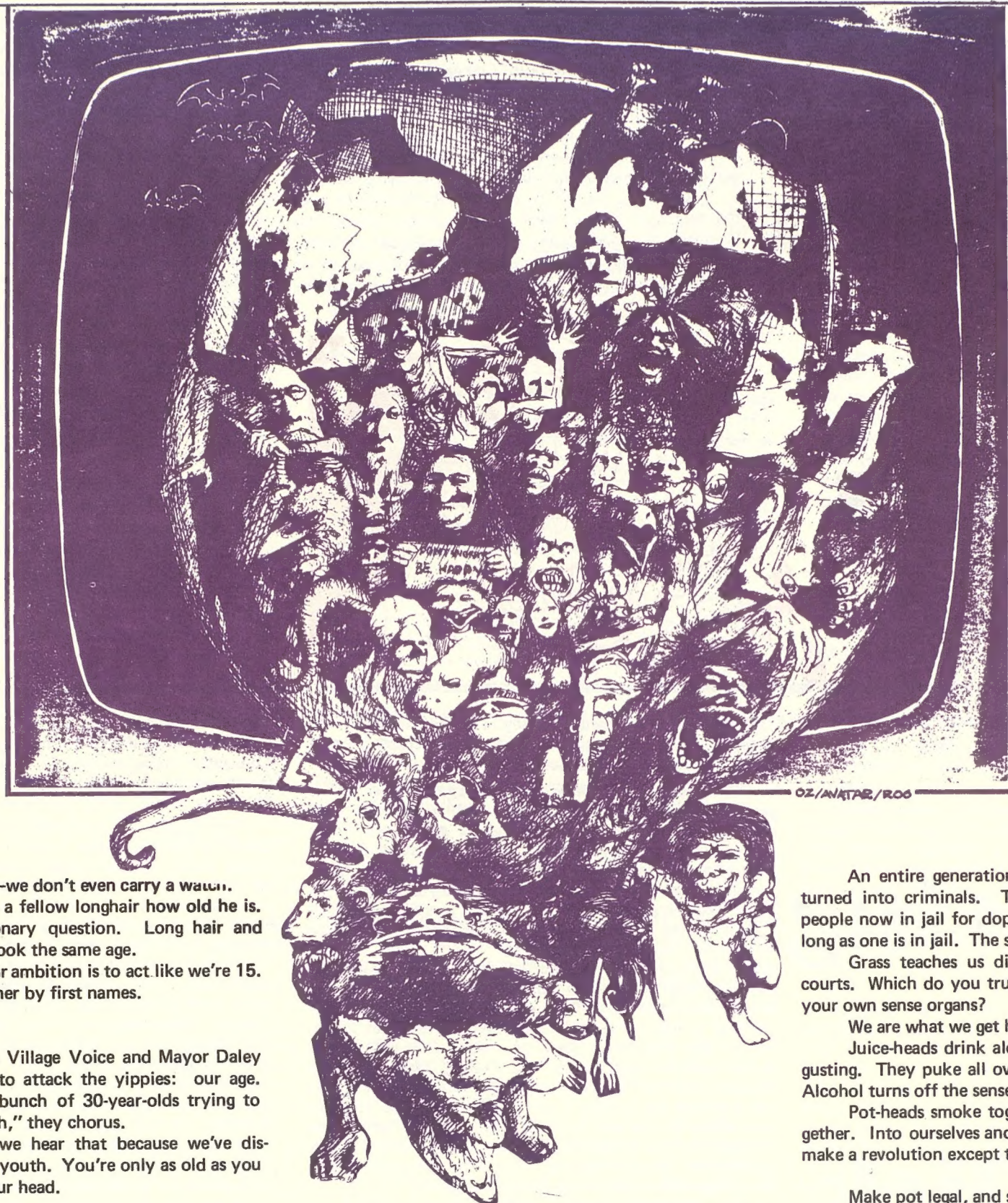
We reject careers and middle-class rowboats.

Our culture, the hippie longhair culture, is ageless.

Forty, 30-, 20- and 10-year-olds live together on the same street corners.



PHOTO/02



Age—what's age?—we don't even carry a watch.
No one ever asks a fellow longhair how old he is.
It's a counterrevolutionary question. Long hair and
beards make everyone look the same age.

When we're 35, our ambition is to act like we're 15.
We know each other by first names.
We live now.

Liberals like The Village Voice and Mayor Daley
use the same weapon to attack the yippies: our age.
"They're just a bunch of 30-year-olds trying to
mislead Amerikan youth," they chorus.

We laugh when we hear that because we've dis-
covered the fountain of youth. You're only as old as you
wanna be. Age is in your head.

We're born twice.

It's your second birth—your revolutionary birth—
which is the important one.

I was born in the FSM in Berkeley in 1964.

That makes me five years old!

When The Village Voice and Daley say, "Don't
trust anyone over 30," I reply:

I got 25 more years!

Growing up means collecting garbage. Staying
young means throwing out as much garbage as you col-
lect. I'm for lowering the voting age to 5 and prohibiting
old people over 40 from voting unless they can puke up
all of their garbage.

One of the yippiest yippies is Bertrand Russell,
who participated in his first sit-in when he was over 90
calendar years old. Nikita Khrushchev, 60, as premier of
Russia, banged his shoe on a table at the United Nations
during a childish temper tantrum. You can be a yippie no
matter how old you are!

You can't use your physical age as a cop-out.

The 1950's were the turning point in the history of
Amerika. Those who grew up before the 1950's live to-
day in a mental world of Nazism, concentration camps,
economic depression and Communist dreams Stalinized.
A pre-1950's child who can still dream is very rare.

Kids who grew up in the post-1950's live in a world
of supermarkets, color TV commercials, Viet Kong guer-
rilla war, international media, psychedelics, rock 'n' roll
and moon walks. For us nothing is impossible. We can
do anything.

This generation gap is the widest in the history of
the world. The pre-1950's generation has nothing to
teach the post-1950's, and that's why the school system
is falling apart.

The pre-1950's generation grows more desperate.
We dreamers disturb straight Amerika's dreamless sleep.

They were alive when Germany created concentra-
tion camps for Jews and other troublemakers.

Will they send us, their own children, to concen-
tration camps?

Keep Pot Illegal

...In 1968, marijuana became rampant in the army.
In 1969 low morale, even civil disobedience, became
rampant in the army.

Why does grass inspire the Viet Kong and kill the
fighting spirit of the Amerikan GI? Any pot-smoker can
understand it: Marijuana is a truth serum. The Viet Kong
are defending their parents, children and homes—their
deaths are noble and heroic. The Amerikans are fighting
for nothing you can see, feel, touch or believe in. Their
deaths are futile and wasted. "Why die on Hamburger
Hill?" asks the pot-smoking Amerikan soldier, as he points
his gun at the head of the captain who ordered him to
take a hill that only the Viet Kong want.

If the Pentagon tries to stop pot in the army, she'll
end up destroying her army in the process. But if the
army brass leaves grass-smokers alone, army bases will
soon be as turned on and uncontrollable as college cam-
puses.

What's going to happen when all those Amerikan
GI's come home? "What do you mean, we're old enough
to fight and die but not old enough to smoke?"

The New Left said: I protest.

The hippies said: I am.

Grass destroyed the left as a minority movement
and created in its place a youth culture.

Grass shows us that our lives, not our consciences,
are at stake. As pot-heads we come face-to-face with the
real world of cops, jails, courts, trials, undercover narcs,
paranoia and the war with our parents.

An entire generation of flower-smokers has been
turned into criminals. There are more than 200,000
people now in jail for dope. Every pot-head is in jail as
long as one is in jail. The solidarity of saliva.

Grass teaches us disrespect for the law and the
courts. Which do you trust; Richard Milhous Nixon or
your own sense organs?

We are what we get high on.

Juice-heads drink alone. They get drunk and dis-
gusting. They puke all over themselves. They pass out.
Alcohol turns off the senses.

Pot-heads smoke together. We get high and get to-
gether. Into ourselves and into each other. How can we
make a revolution except together?

Make pot legal, and society will fall apart.

Keep it illegal, and soon there will be revolution.

Every Revolutionary Needs a Color TV

...Have you ever seen a boring demonstration on
TV? Just being on TV makes it exciting. Even picket
lines look breathtaking. Television creates myths bigger
than reality.

Demonstrations last hours, and most of that time
nothing happens. After the demonstration we rush home
for the six o' clock news. The drama review. TV packs
all the action into two minutes—a commercial for the
revolution.

The mere idea of a "story" is revolutionary be-
cause a "story" implies disruption of normal life. Every
reporter is a dramatist, creating a theater out of life.

Crime in the streets is news; law and order is not. A
revolution is news; the status quo ain't.

The media does not report "news," it creates it. An
event happens when it goes on TV and becomes myth.

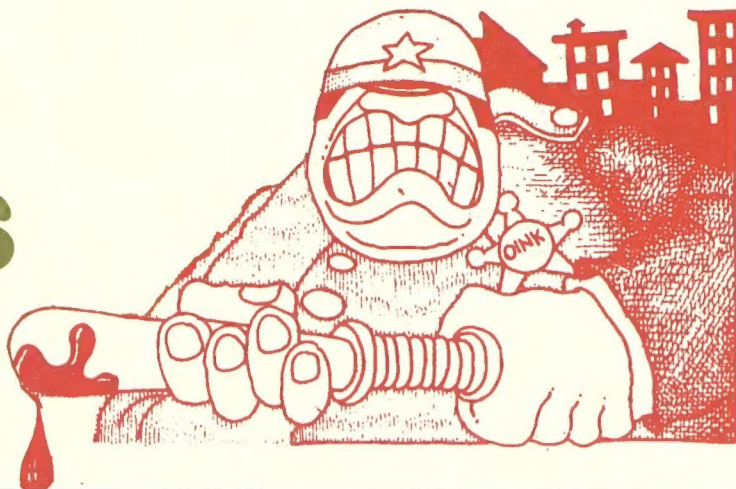
The media is not "neutral." The presence of a cam-
era transforms a demonstration, turning us into heroes.
We take more chances when the press is there because
we know whatever happens will be known to the entire
world within hours.

Television keeps us escalating our tactics; a tactic
becomes ineffective when it stops generating gossip or
interest—"news."

Politicians get air time just by issuing statements.
Rockefeller doesn't have to carry a picket sign to make a
point. But ordinary people must take to the streets to
get on television. One person, doing the right thing at
the right time, can create a myth. The disruption of
Nixon's speech reduces Nixon to background.

TV time goes to those with the most guts and im-
agination.

Dead Men Tell No Tales



"Chicago is so corrupt it's thrilling," said Lenny Bruce, and to prove this point Chicago has the Coroner's Inquest. A coroner's inquest is held whenever a homicide takes place in order to determine if criminality is involved. Whenever a policeman is a suspect in the homicide the coroner's inquest is traditionally the institution wherein evidence is misplaced and the cop is cleared. Martin S. Gerber is presiding at the inquest into the deaths of Illinois Black Panther Party leaders Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. Gerber is a 62-year old bankruptcy attorney, a remnant of the Baroque period of Chicago politics. Wearing suits of the same style as those

which have placed Richard J. Daley among the best-dressed men in America, Gerber calls for lunch hour recess in the following words: "I think this would be a propitious moment for all of us to go out and put on the feedbag."

Sgt. Daniel Groth is the man who led the raid on the apartment at 2337 West Monroe, where Hampton and Clark were killed on December 4, 1969. Groth is 40 years old, has three children, and has been on the Chicago police force for more than 12 years. In five days of testimony at the inquest, Groth revealed himself to be a pathetic product of American military programming, a man with a poor memory, and a liar.

Groth told the press on December 10th: "We didn't take tear gas because of the specific nature of our mission and the fact that we'd have the element of surprise on our side. Under the law we had to enter that flat and serve the warrant for a search. We couldn't just lob tear gas in there and charge." On January 8th he had two different reasons for not using teargas:

Q. (by Gerber) Did you think of using teargas?

A. (by Groth) No, sir.

Q. Why not?

A. "Didn't see any need for it, sir."

And a few minutes later...

Q. Why didn't you take teargas to subdue resistance?

A. "There was no teargas available to us at that time."

Exposing the Big Dick

"MY NAME IS Richard J. Daley. I'm the Mayor of Chicago." So began the testimony of the 42nd defense witness in the trial of the Chicago Conspiracy.

When Richard J. Daley was the age of most of the people reading this paper, he ran with a "neighborhood club" (gang) called the Hamburgs, a group with more than enough energy to have enjoyed the street-fighting that went on last August after the city refused to grant permits to the Yippies and the Mobe. Daley has aged a bit since those footloose days, but his ego is still big enough to be gratified by the prospect that the people who caused him grief stand to spend ten years each in the penitentiary. It was no accident that former Daley law partner Judge Lynch was the man who frowned upon the last-ditch permit suits filed two weeks before the Convention. It was not synchronicity that a letter sent to Daley the day after the Grand Jury returned its indictments in this case was signed "Abe" by Federal Judge Abraham Marovitz. It was not karma that led the mayor to spend the previous day's lunch hour cutting a ribbon at the new law office of his son Richard and retiring Corporation Counsel Richard Simon, who, lo and behold, was the first prosecution witness and who, miracle of miracles was being replaced by one of the Mayor's nephews.

Chicago, like Scout Camp, runs on the buddy system.

Daley has been Mayor since 1955. In his 14 year tenure, the longest in Chicago history, some old friends from the stockyards and the council chambers have passed on to that great smoke-filled room in the sky. No longer does Alderman Krsla interrupt liberal speeches in the City Council with the cry, "God bless you, Mayor Daley, from the Fifteenth Ward." Some of the hundreds of off-duty

sanitation workers who screamed, "We Love Mayor Daley" when the delegate from Wisconsin moved to stop the Convention, have themselves stopped coming around for favors. Michigan Avenue seems naked without all those "Welcome to Chicago-Mayor Richard J. Daley" placards.

The Woodstock nation-generation defense that called Daley to the stand was interested in some other quotes. Young punks who are busy organizing demonstrations at an age when the Mayor had been hard at work in the precinct house, they wanted to know whether or not he'd called Senator Ribicoff a "Jew motherfucker" at the Convention. They were curious about the exact meaning of "shoot to kill arsonists and shoot to maim looters," those epic words which had brought cheers to the throats of the city's honkies after the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. They wondered if the Mayor had been thinking of a career as a sick humorist back in 1963, when he told a convention of the NAACP that "there are no ghettos in Chicago." If they neglected to ask about "The police are not here to create disorder, they are here to preserve disorder," it was only because they feared a ten-minute diatribe on how trained agitators threatened to kidnap the children of delegates, put drugs in the reservoirs, and walk naked on the waters of Lake Michigan.

Daley took the stand to scattered hissing at 11 A M on January 6th, twelve days after his subpoena date. The delay was due to Abbie Hoffman's Yippie pneumonia and the defense's desire to focus attention on the appearance of the man who is widely regarded as the real conspirator behind the disorders of Convention Week. He sat at the front of the room, red-faced if not red-necked, his tailored suit and working-class accent in sharp contrast to the tie-dye shirts and hip slang of the defense. (Lee Weiner, who

Weatherman is currently the brightest star in the constellation of the white left. Like it or not, they've penetrated every corner of the movement. They are the subjects of endless discussion; the other remnants of SDS scurry around frantically trying to find new arguments

against them, and everyone else wonders aloud how they got themselves so crazy and/or together. And they made themselves stars by setting out to do exactly that, among other things. The question is, are they a nova? Will they be flared out and locked up by the time warm weather comes? Or have they succeeded in focussing the energies of the movement and the life-style onto a truly advanced level? My only answer, after coming away from the Weatherman War Council in Flint, Michigan, is a non-answer: both.

The War Council was billed as a gathering of the tribes, a celebration of revolutionary culture, a come-together under the aegis of Weatherman to work out some collective endeavor between Weatherman and other mother-country radicals. That was bullshit. The Weatherpeople talked to each other, and if you wanted to listen you could. If you wanted to argue, you were wasting your time.

The setting was perfect: a medium-sized industrial



Weather

town with a large black ghetto, a meeting hall in the middle of the ghetto where a 17-year-old girl was killed by a shotgun blast the night before the council started, inside the hall, a dingy smokefilled room full of bodies, sweat, a giant paper-mache machine gun, hund reds of martyr posters.(Chairman Fred,Huey,Bobby,Che).

The widely reported turn towards youth-culture is a sham. They are and always will be Communists first and hippies last. Up, a White Panther rock band, was sent packing on the last night because the Weathermen had still more talking to do. If you have doubts about the ultimate value of words as communication, Weatherman is not your trip.

A lot of the attraction of Weatherman is a basic movement machismo: Steve Haines wrote after the Weather-rampage, that for the first time in a long while, he felt he was part of the problem and not the solution. That's good and that's bad; good because anything that drives people to be more revolutionary helps the revolution, and bad because the emotional base of that drive is fucked up and competitive. See, that's the problem. A lot of what they're into is perfectly justifiable on a rhetorical intellectual level and fucked up on an emotional super-

rational level. It's said that there are no Weathermen in California because the climate isn't foul enough.

The prime example is the line on racism. The Weathermen say race war is inevitable; the blacks will ultimately smash Amerika, and the energy that will topple the beast will be hatred of whites. Weathermen don't like the Panthers, they like the Blackstone Rangers, and

Groth also testified on January 8th that the first shot fired in the raid was fired by Brenda Harris, an occupant of the apartment. Groth said that this shot was fired simultaneous to his entering the apartment and it "lit up her face." At that point he fired two shots in her direction, he said.

By January 12th, Groth had changed his mind. At a visit to the apartment 13 days after the raid, Groth said on the witness stand on the 12th that "we discussed who we thought had fired the first shot...it was my original contention that Brenda Harris had.... I now feel that Mark Clark fired the first shot...through the door, and the shot lodged in the hallway."

This was Groth's most interesting and revealing change in testimony. First, the door panel through which Clark's alleged shot allegedly passed is conveniently missing. Secondly, the slug has not been found. And thirdly Mark Clark is unable to defend himself against this charge. He is dead.

There are other inconsistencies in Groth's testimony. (At one point in the hearing, juror Philip Corboy said "Very frankly, Mr. Coroner, there are things already which put this man's (Groth) credibility in question."). Fred Hampton's body was moved from the bedroom to the dining room because there were two weapons lying by his sides, said Groth. Why was the body moved rather than the weapons? Why weren't the confiscated weapons checked for fingerprints? And what kind of "raging gunbattle" is it when only four shots, as Groth testified,

were fired by the occupants?

(At one point in his testimony, Gerber asked Groth a complex question to which he replied "no." Gerber, not understanding which part of his question was being answered, asked "No, what?" Groth thought for a moment, then in West Point plebe fashion replied, No, SIR!")

The purpose of the inquest, according to special deputy coroner Gerber, "is to determine the cause of death, the surrounding circumstances and the criminality involved, if any." All of the occupants of the apartment on the night of the raid have refused to testify because the coroner would not grant them immunity against the charges of attempted murder of policemen which they face. Thus, the jury of six are hearing only the raiders' testimony.

The jury in a coroner's inquest is by law supposed to come from the vicinity of the place of death. This "blue-ribbon" jury does not reside in the Madison & Western community. That's what Huey Newton meant when he insisted on a jury of his peers.

Inquests and coroners and grand juries and legal niceties aside, here are a list of questions that all of the people in the community should be demanding answers to:

1. Why was one of the black plainclothes cops who was stationed in front of the building during the raid afraid of being mistaken for a "citizen" by the other cops who were called to the building, as officer Lynwood Harris testified he was?

2. What kind of system causes the police to fear entering a black neighborhood except when the people are asleep?

3. Why do they feel it necessary to carry submachine guns and their own personal carbine and shotguns?

4. One illegal shot-gun was confiscated over the dead bodies of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. "It's my opinion," said Groth, "that (Clark) came to his death from the gun of Officer Davis.... I think that Fred Hampton came to his death by police fire." What more will it take for the good burghers of fascist America to open their eyes to the slaughter around them?

Cecil F. Poole is the U.S. District Attorney in San Francisco. He disclosed that a special Justice Department team from Washington was in his area conducting an investigation of the Black Panthers.

"Whatever they (U.S. officials) say they're doing, they're out to get the Black Panthers," Poole said. "To a large degree," he added, "I don't agree with this whole probe. It bothers me because I think it's silly, quite wasteful. A lot of things they're doing are harassment."

Poole is "being replaced" as U.S. attorney on January 31, said Presidential press secretary Ronald Ziegler.

"If a pig breaks into my house," said Chaka Walls, Black Panther Minister of Information on a tape played at the inquest, "I'm gonna treat him like a criminal."

As the Rolling Stones say, these are times "When all the cops are criminals, and all the sinners, saints."

Marshall Rosenthal

used to work for the Mayor's Commission on Youth Welfare, swears that the Mayor practices with a tape recorder to make sure he sounds sufficiently proletarian.) The defense had wanted a five-minute recess to serve a People's Indictment on him, but Judge Hoffman, worried over yet another incident in his sensationalized courtroom, denied their motion.

The first explosion was not long in coming. Attempting to show the network of connections that determined permit policy last year, defense attorney William Kunstler asked the Mayor if he knew Chief Prosecutor and former Corporation Counsel Thomas Foran. "I think he's one of the greatest attorneys in the country, and the finest man I know in and out of public life," Daley replied.

Hissing became epidemic in the left rear row, populated by staff members of the Defense Committee. It was impossible to listen to praise for Foran, after more than three months of watching him trying to put away "David T. Dellinger et al," without expressing some meaningful dissent.

Screams and fists suddenly broke out in the back of the room as fifteen marshalls and four of the Mayor's corp of Praetorian bodyguards followed Judge Hoffman's instruction to "take care of the rear row." Within fifteen minutes, four people had been ousted and two arrested. Frank Joyce, a member of People Against Racism, from Detroit, and Susan Roberts, an anti-draft worker from Portland, Oregon, were taken to the lock-up on the floor above Hoffman's arena; Judy Gumbo, Conspiracy office manager, and her sister Miriam, were ushered out of the building. Shortly afterward Sandra Levinson, a 23-year-old sociology teacher at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and contributing writer for Ramparts Magazine, who had been

barred from the area, was arrested when she came back to protest her exile. Those arrested were released on their own recognizance on \$200 bond at 3 PM. Booked for assaulting a federal marshal, they go to trial on January 12.

Throughout the melee, a voice could be heard over the din, repeating the words, "It's just like the Democratic Convention all over again."

Daley had been called in to answer the charges that, in the words of a subsequently-submitted Offer of Proof, there was a conspiracy, overt or tacit, between Mayor Daley and the Democratic Administration of Lyndon B. Johnson to prevent or crush any significant demonstrations against war, poverty, imperialism and racism, and in support of alternate culture at the 1968 Democratic National Convention, and that the members of this conspiracy planned and executed the use of every means at their disposal — including calculated official inertia in the processing of necessary permit applications, the deliberate intimidation of potential demonstrators in order to deter their participation around the Democratic National Convention, the psychological indoctrination of the public and the police with attitudes of hatred, fear and distrust of the anticipated demonstrations and their participants and supporters, the open and blatant encouragement of violence toward demonstrators by police and other military forces, and the employment of savage, brutal and inhumane tactics to intimidate, deter, or prevent the exercise by the people of their constitutional rights in order to pre-

vent or crush such public exhibition of dissatisfaction with American domestic and foreign policy.

Unfortunately, this mouthful was easier to write than to establish in court. Kunstler asked a long series of questions designed to show that Daley runs the city, appoints either every key official or the members of their committees, and that he gave the orders responsible for the police smashing of the Peace Rally of April 27, 1968 and the confrontations during Convention Week. Nearly every question was ruled out of order after Foran repeatedly objected on the grounds that Kunstler was "leading" the witness.

Kunstler had a problem. It was important to get remarks about the Mayor's role in permits, decisions, etc. into the record, but it seemed impossible to do this without defining the area of testimony by asking leading questions. Kunstler moved several times for Judge Hoffman to certify Daley as a hostile witness, which would have allowed the asking of such questions; the judge denied the motion because he felt that there had been no 'element of surprise' in any of the witness' statements which had blocked the defense from further questioning. This ruling reflected Hoffman's previous positions, which have limited testimony to the particulars of the charges and the dozen overt acts alleged in the indictment. At no time has the defense been able to sustain a counter-attack and show its own good intentions in contrast to the real behavior of the administrations' involved with the Convention — not even when the 'chief architect' himself was on the stand.

Without the ability to ask probing questions, direct examination was crippled. Kunstler pressed hard — over 90 objections to his questions were sustained and the judge

most of all the Black Muslims. The politics of being white devils. Weatherman say only a handful of John Browns will accompany the blacks, say about 300 people. Therefore, anytime blacks rip off whites, that's right on. A white greaser who just got vamped on by a crowd of blacks must learn to appreciate the fact that his getting vamped on furthered the revolution which he must join. Fine, says Rising Up Angry, now try and tell the greaser that. We realize it's not easy, says Weatherman, but it's correct. Rising Up Angry is more pragmatic, saying that if you can't get people to dig your line, then it can't be correct. That's the same contradiction taken a step further.

A large measure of an organization's success depends not on whether their politics can be intellectually defended but whether their line feels right. Huey with a spear and a shotgun sitting in that wicker chair doesn't make much sense intellectually, but he sure does look good. Weathermen reject all white people's sensibilities as basically corrupt, since whites benefit from imperialism, leaving the Weathermen with a handful of dust emotionally. They realize this problem (calling it "correct linism") just as they realize that their politics are based on guilt, but they seem unable to do anything about either problem. It's no accident that the Weatherleaders are from places like the University of Chicago and Columbia. There, if you can't back up a position with rational argument, the position doesn't exist. Likewise inside the Weather-machine. That something feels right or works in practice or both is no argument at all. Weathermen, far from being hippies at heart, are diametrically opposed to the

basis of the life-style.

The Weatherman conception is that whites are born in sin and capitalism, and life is then a constant struggle to become virtuous and socialist. Hippies say we are all born angels, and we have to struggle like hell to repress it and become evil capitalist competitors. It is then no problem at all to become virtuous — just shuck off all you have learned, become as a child, do what's right and all is well. You, of course, are somewhere in between.

* * * * *

White Devils. Like anything else fed into a perfectly rational system, each relay clicks another and the logical extreme becomes the new premise. The newest Weathergreeting is four fingers held up, slightly spread — symbolizing the fork which Charlie Manson's gang left in the chest of one of their victims. As soon as the Weathernation decided that Manson was all right, he became a cult. John Jacobs gave a hypnotic rap one night on history and devils, culminating in Weatherman. We are against all that is good and decent in honky Amerika. We will burn and loot and destroy. We are the incarnation of your mother's nightmare. A debate now rages within Weatherman as to whether killing white babies is correct. In perfectly logical terms, it is. Pleased to meet you, hope you guess my name.

Digging Manson is more than a willful perversion:

"Then, just before we split, someone shoved a fork into the guy's stomach. Far out, I thought, that's really far out." — Susan Atkins, member of the Manson gang, in her grand jury testimony.

"Dig it, first they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them. Then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild!" — Bernadine Dohrn at the Weatherman Council.

Neither has any comprehension of the horror they speak of. Both endorse the horror in a wierd, lame way, straight out of a Crumb cartoon. Bernadine is proud of it. Understanding that killing is necessary is one thing. Reveling in it is another.

Of course, we all learned at the Rolling Stones' free concert of the horror show within all of us. That was the horror of uncomprehending good intentions incapable of dealing with any kind of objective short circuit. Good intentions (Good karma, the hippies say) don't really mean shit. Show me what you did, not what you meant to do. The Weathermen are the other end of the dialectic, the horror of inhuman logic. But their line is correct.

Marvin Garson says the Weathermen ain't got no Zen; if they come at you with a gun, and they will someday, just take it away from them. I dunno. It doesn't take much to pull a trigger.

I wanted to write an article on How to Think about the Weathermen. It can't be done. There is Weatherman in nearly all of us. There is Altamont lame-out hippie in all of us, even the Weathermen. The Weatherman side of us is probably the better and stronger side, if only in that I'd rather have WEathermen on my side than lame-out passive hippies. So the conclusion is we must be moderate in all our affairs? Bullshit. I don't know the conclusion and I don't think you do either.

Armando

There is nothing new about the charge of Conspiracy. It began in England in 1611 when the infamous Court of the Star Chamber announced that the crime of conspiracy involved the planning of a crime—agreement to commit a crime—rather than actually doing it.

What this meant was that the prosecution was relieved of the problem of proving that the defendant actually did anything at all. Clarence Darrow once furnished a good explanation of just how conspiracy law works: If a boy steals candy, he has committed a misdemeanor. If two boys talk about stealing candy but don't do it, they are guilty of conspiracy, a felony.

As a result, conspiracy has long been a favorite charge used by the powers-that-be to put away trouble-makers—especially when there's nothing else that can be pinned on them.

The first recorded use of the conspiracy charge in America was in Philadelphia in 1806. A group of shoemakers were on strike for better wages. The courts decided that this was a criminal conspiracy. Fifteen years later, the workers decided to bring their bosses to court for their conspiracy to keep wages down. But now the court ruled that "when the object to be attained is meritorious, combination is not conspiracy." It's not what you do, it's who you are.

Conspiracy was the charge leveled against Eugene Debs and the American Railway Union back in 1894 when they struck back against George Pullman, a man whose company declared profits of \$2,800,000 in a depression year while slashing wages to starvation level.



severely scolded him no less than three different times—but it was almost impossible to get at what might have been brought out under freer circumstances.

If what Daley said on the stand was true, then Jerry Rubin's claim that the Mayor is a covert Yippie must be believed. According to Daley, he would "talk occasionally" with now-deceased Commissioner William McFetridge about the problems of the Parks District (the agency responsible for rally and sleeping permits) and periodically instruct "all the fine young men connected with the city government . . . to co-operate with anyone and everyone who wanted permits" and to insure that demonstrators "would be given every courtesy while in the city of Chicago." No wonder Kunstler asked the Mayor if his definition of "hospitality" included night-sticks, and whether or not he agreed "with the Violence Commission's Report that what happened at the Democratic National Convention amounted to a police riot."

Kunstler closed his direct examination after presenting the fourteen-part Offer of Proof "for the appellate record." After a two-question cross-examination (about whether the mayor ever suggested that permits for marches and parks be denied—"No.") and a one-question redirect ("Did you tell anyone when the Yippies and the Mobilization filed their suits, 'now they'll never get permits'?"—"No."), Daley was dismissed. As he ducked out the side door to a chorus of catcalls, no less than nine alleged press people revealed themselves to be cops of one sort or another (fully accredited reporters had been barred for the first hour of Daley's testimony by marshalls who proclaimed "there's no room.")

The effect of Daley's testimony is unclear. He didn't say very much. He didn't go to his Right and red-bait the

defendants, but the defendants were unable to prove their charges against him. He was humble in the courtroom, but the defendants piled into the hallway when the marshalls began dragging people out of the room. The net impact was probably bad for the Conspiracy, since the jury had the horny, homesick greyness of their lives (they are barred from TV, radio, alcohol, grass, all but the lamest books and magazines, uncensored newspapers, and spending time alone with their families) batted around by the frantic sights and sounds of long-haired people fighting the Mayor's men. The scene wasn't much different from that of Convention Week (when longhairs spoke and policemen hit), and nobody's sure that the jury's consciousness has been raised to a level where they understand the war, institutional racism, capitalism and the other bummers that brought people here in 1968, much better than most Chicagoans did that August.

Greek myth has it that the god Kronos ate his children until a bunch of them hacked their way out of his body and killed him. The eight men indicted by the Federal Government are the new Titans, fighting on behalf of a struggling culture and the politics that it needs to survive. The courtroom is only a theatre for this larger struggle; a culture dying can only pretend to be judge, jury and executioner for one that is a borning.

At the same time that Daley was testifying on the 23rd floor of the Federal Building, a Grand Jury empaneled to levy charges against the seven Black Panthers who survived the State's Attorney raid in which Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were murdered, was convening behind locked doors on the 21st floor. A few floors further down, lawyers for the Chicago Fifteen, who liberated a draft board and its records last year, were defending their

Conspiracy was the charge in 1886 against the Haymarket anarchists and labor leaders who fought for the eight-hour day on the first May Day right here in Chicago. Conspiracy to murder. But no one ever proved who threw the bomb.

In Oshkosh, Wisconsin three workers were accused of criminal conspiracy at the turn of the century for leading a strike at a lumber company that paid 1600 workers an average of 96 cents a day. Ignoring Wisconsin laws, the company started hiring 10-year-old children at 65 cents a day, and getting rid of the men. So they struck. Criminal conspiracy.

Conspiracy was the charge against the Western Federation of Miners and Big Bill Haywood. And a U.S. General named Gobin issued a "shoot to kill" order to stop the small boys from throwing rocks at the troops as they marched through coal towns.

Conspiracy was the charge leveled against the Communist Party in 1948. They had conspired, the government claimed, to advocate revolution. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were executed, and Morton Sobell went to jail for 30 years for conspiracy to commit espionage.

Conspiracy was the charge . . . in Harlem . . . and in Watts . . . and in Oakland . . . and in Boston . . . and once again in Chicago.

Conspiracy is the charge in Vietnam, as it was in Korea and in the Dominican Republic.

Fred Hampton is dead. The napalm still drops on Vietnam. Fourteen thousand U.S. workers killed each year in industrial "accidents." These are the crimes. Who are the criminals?

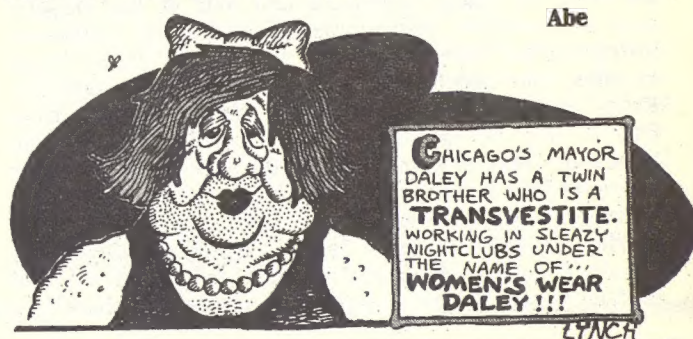
Bernie Cobb Farber

clients from representatives of the Selective Slavery System. Over at the Criminal Courts Building, young people—students, blacks, freaks, greasers, and Puerto Ricans—were being ejected from the Inquest into the Hampton and Clark killings.

Just before the afternoon session convened, Abbie Hoffman turned to Daley and said, "Why don't we settle it right here?" Even Daley joined the press and gallery in laughing. But what is happening at the Federal Building and the Criminal Court Building and in courthouses all over America is not a laughing matter.

Don't take my word for it; check it out yourself. Pick any court; it doesn't have to be a landmark federal case. Dig the color, clothing and accents of the people put on trial. You don't see very many custom-crafted suits standing before the bench, except as corporate executives. You don't hear the words, "The People vs. Richard J. Daley" very often.

Ten minutes at any courthouse will convince you that Lennie Bruce was right when he said that, "At the Halls of Justice, the only justice is in the halls."



People's Magic

denny ankrum

To understand what happened at the Magic Sam Benefit last December 21st at the Club Alex (1815 W. Roosevelt Rd.) you should have been at Daley's Blues Festival last summer. Not that the festival was particularly bad, Daley paid for blues musicians and got them. What made the benefit and the festival opposites was that the benefit brought out the musicians for free, and with them came the blues. Daley is not too well thought of on the West Side. Born thirty four years ago in Grenada Mississippi, Magic Sam Maghett died on December 1, 1969 of overwork, and was loved in the ghetto. The difference was Buddy Guy, Luther Allison, Mighty Joe Young, Eddie Shaw, B.B. King Jr., Jimmy

Dawkins, Maybe Mae, and Eddie King playing some of the finest blues sets to be heard in the clubs of Chicago.

Might Joe, the organizer of the benefit, led off with the first set. When he stepped down there were two alternatives open for the rest of the evening (the 3:30 set), or to top it. But it was just 5:30 pm; the next 4½ hours were mindblowing.

Two high points: Buddy Guy, after a couple of numbers from his latest album, brings B.B. Jr. to the stand for a "Tribute to Magic Sam". Luther Allison exchanging verses with B.B. Jr. All against the back drop and punctuated by Guy's guitar.

The other was Eddie King, Maybe Mae, and Luther Allison sitting on the edge of the stage alternating verses, choruses and phrases—creating the blues. Jimmy Dawkins sitting in for five minutes with some outasight guitar riffs and leaving as suddenly as he appeared.

Next to the benefits that have sprung up all over the country, the best tribute to Sam is the latest album. Black Magic (Delmark Ds 620) looks to be by far the best blues album released in 1969. His first record was the soul blues album to receive a 5 star downbeat review. This session added a tenor (Eddie Shaw) to the 2 guitars, bass, and drums. With a couple of other personal changes, the session produced an album which Sam described as follows: "Speaking as a blues singer, I think my album is the best I've heard. I'm not saying that because it's mine—it's got more of a soul selection and a feel than anything I've heard in a long time.

Start with side A—Dig "I Just Want A Little Bit" and "What Have I Done Wrong". Then "Easy Baby"

You don't have to work all day
Just make love to me and say
Easy Baby...

Every cut shows a tightness not captured too often on record. That's one of the reasons Sam meant when he said feel. In addition to Shaw, the sidemen were Mighty Joe Young (guitar), Lafayette Leake (piano) Mack Thompson (bass) and Odie Payne Jr. (drums.) As someone who was listening to the record with me said: "They're all doing so many different things, but so together." Take Sam's word for it. It's the best.

Sam's music was peoples music, as opposed to plastic honko muzak. Sam was exceptional, but he was not an exception. There are dozens like him, both black and white, who come out of the south or working class ghettos of the north. We know their music. John Hammond Jr., Dave Van Ronk, The Byrds, the New Lost City Ramblers, etc. have imitated it enough and because there's no substitute for live music, we'll try to let readers know who's playing the bars and who's coming in for concerts.

Who's where:

Luther Allison — L & A
Mighty Joe Young — Cedar Club
(Milwaukee & Division)
Otis Rush — Key Largo
John St. John — Sportsman
Junior Wells — Theresa's ('til 1a.m., then
The Blue Flame)

SERVING THE PEOPLE



The word "ghetto" usually evokes images of black or latin neighborhoods. The ghetto which is Chicago's Uptown area, however, is populated by blacks, latins orientals and, predominately, Appalachian whites. It's the American melting pot, and in spite of our history book tales, it is neither "colorful" nor "romantic."

Uptown is decrepit, depressing and often violent--black gangs fight white gangs, Mexican gangs battle black gangs, Puerto Rican gangs rip off white gangs, and the Chicago police department hassles citizen "gangs". All the possible permutations and combinations of violence in a struggle for a turf of cracked cement and peeling plaster exist in Uptown.

What really characterizes all ghettos is that everyone living in them is poor; everyone ghettoized is struggling for the dollars to pay their way out and into a better environment. Nobody in the ghetto thinks of it as "home," it's only a place to live. There is a lack of almost every service that money can buy in the Uptown ghetto, because there is no money in the people's pockets.

The Young Patriots are from Uptown and they know all these facts by heart. They know that landlords charge all that the traffic will bear for crumbling housing; that grocers charge inflated prices to patrons who don't have the carfare to be comparison shoppers; that an Uptown resident can't get a bed in a hospital without a check or an insurance card; and that no adequate medical clinic exists in the ghetto.

"We Serve and Protect", a slogan familiar to most Chicagoans, is the Young Patriot's motto. Their goal is to "Serve the People." To do this, they organized the Uptown Free Community Health Center in cooperation with doctors, nurses and medical students from the Northwestern University Medical School. The doors of a first floor apartment at 1140 West Sunnyside were opened on November 1st to any area resident who needed medical care that they could not receive at the hospitals because of lack of money. Handling everything from elderly heart patients to epileptics, to toddlers with squirrel bites and teenagers with knife wounds, the Patriots helped more than 150 poor people at their clinic.

"Helped." Past tense, because in the process of helping people they incurred the wrath of a city government that is forever "studying," in the present tense, the "problems of the ghetto". . .

***Dr. Bruce Douglas, Clinic dental coordinator, was interviewed in a neighborhood newspaper. Two days later, Dr. Douglas was "interviewed" by two plain-

clothes cops who told him that it would be unwise to continue helping the Patriots' clinic.

***The Patriots prepared leaflets telling people who need aid to come to the Clinic. The leaflettees were stopped by the police and told to desist or be arrested.

***An elderly Uptown resident left the Clinic one Saturday with a bottle of free medicine. He was stopped by the police and his medicine was confiscated.

***On December 4th, the evening of the day Fred Hampton was murdered, the Patriots and the volunteer medical staff held a meeting to discuss the effectiveness of the Clinic. Six of Chicago's Finest threatened to break the door down and, when admitted, searched the premises without a search warrant. They left laughing and said on their way out, "All Power to the Pigs."

***On December 20th, an unmarked police car remained parked in front of the Clinic all day. Plainclothes police went to the manager of the building, an 80-year old woman, and questioned her about the Patriots' activities.

***The following Monday, December 22nd, members of the Chicago police department Gang Intelligence Unit visited the Loop law office of Alphonse J. Spanitz who owns the building at 1140 West Sunnyside. Spanitz was told that the GIU was "investigating" the Young Patriots. Spanitz then informed the Patriots that they could no longer use the apartment in his building for the Clinic.

***On December 28th, the Young Patriots, complying with the landlord's order, were removing supplies from the apartment. As they worked, they were followed by plainclothes police photographers, snapping photos incessantly.

The Uptown Free Community Health Center is now housed in the Young Patriots' office at 4408 North Sheridan. They will continue to open their doors every Saturday at 10 a.m. for as long as the community needs them and the city allows them to provide the medical care that so-called welfare bureaus fail to extend.

What can you do? You can provide the Patriots with a better facility to house the clinic. You can donate your medical, dental or nursing skills. You can call or write your alderman and city hall. You can send money, money and more money to the Young Patriots at 4408 N. Sheridan, Chicago, Ill. There is something that everyone can do.

We suggest you do it.

Eliot

EARTH PEOPLES PEOPLE

Earth People's Park is a dream born out of Woodstock; a dream of open space, nature, and community in a time of constantly increasing cramping, plastic, repression, and anomie. It is a vision of great tracts of land somewhere in the Southwestern U.S.A., worked and inhabited by free people creating an organic, autonomous society in the heart of rural Amerika.

As months went by, the myth spread and grew, and at the Winter Solstice, over 200 people gathered together in San Francisco to begin turning the dream of Earth People's Park into a reality.

Who came? Rock stars, Hog Farmers, under and overground media, merry pranksters, concerned ecologists, lawyers, doctors, hippie jet-setters, and just plain folks.

Who didn't? Third World people, Weathermen, Woman's Liberation, militant communes, street fighters, street people, scruffy people, and just plain folks.

The whole trip was a time warp: as you stepped into the meeting room, the Democratic Convention, People's Park, Panther genocide, and all the other heaviness of the last few years melted away. We were back in S.F., 1967, summer of love and innocence; ready to meet violence and hatred with faith and flowers; rapping about vibes and energy levels as the means by which we conquer; attuning ourselves to cosmic purposes by chanting, holding hands, and meditating to get what we wanted.

There was the question of land, and how to get it: "We'll have everybody who was at Woodstock, either physically or spiritually, send one dollar," beamed a hog farmer, "that'll come to enough to buy an awful lot of land." A sharply dressed L.A. promoter had a different approach:

"Here's \$50," he said, fishing it out of his tight, checkered trousers, "if everyone in this room comes up with \$50, we'll have \$10,000!"

And there was the question of upfrontness about what we were going to do. Most people thought that the word and plans about Earth People's Park should be

spread over every media in the country, but a few sports objected. Federal and state governments would get a little uptight over this gargantuan hippie land-grab, they reasoned, real estate values would skyrocket as soon as our intentions were broadcast. The free spirits looked sadly at the doubters. "Man, I'm looking in your eyes and I see fear. We're trying to get on a life trip, and you're trying to put us on a paranoid trip." Someone tried to argue that there's a difference between being fearful and being realistic, but he got to feeling pretty uncomfortable about all the bad karma he was spreading, and shut up quickly. The general consensus was that there is no need for secrecy or caution; the straight world will react to our plans with the same good vibes and honesty we'll put out to them.

A few ecologists were scared at the idea of bringing hundreds of thousands of people down on to the newly acquired land for the gigantic "earth warming," the super-festival that has been a focus for plans thus far. They argued that so many people crowded into one place even for a few days does damage that the land needs years to recover from. They, too, were put down for being of little faith; it'll all work out if we just believe in ourselves and each other.

People who had lived in New Mexico spoke about freaks displacing Chicanos from land they had been allowed to occupy because no one else wanted it. They were assured that it can't happen here, because we'll all do right by each other.

And so it went, for the full 2-day meeting. People tired of cities, struggle, and harassment and aware of the impending ecological disaster that menaces us opted to turn their backs on all that. They wish to build an organic, collective world of hard natural work, clean air, and cosmic purpose, in which rules, regulation, and conflict would be obsolete because everyone would be united in good faith and common purpose. They held so hard to this hope of new creation that the only way they could deal with practical questions about problems that would arise was to accuse the questioner of being para-

noid and loveless, and to disregard him.

Earth People's Park is a beautiful myth-perhaps even a necessary one-in a time as bleak and seemingly hopeless as the one many people feel we're living through now. But for it to come true, we have to listen to the lessons of the last few years, and to accept the fact that we can never again turn back into the innocents that we once were.

When we built People's Park in Berkeley, all our dedication and good intentions didn't stop the gas, bullets, and clubs. The chain link fence went up, and the grass and flowers are covered by the bare cement of a parking lot.

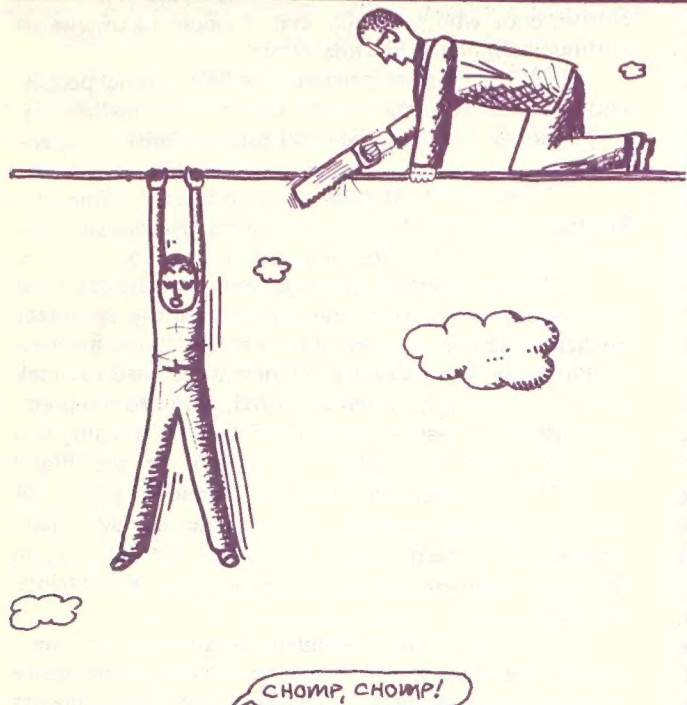
We talk a lot about ecology, and see moving away as an answer to the pollution/horror of the cities. But we forget that if we opt out of urban America, there'll be no one left to stop the poisoned air and water from moving slowly over the whole earth and eventually choking our safe country retreat.

We philosophize about organic, communal self-regulation, disregarding the bitter lesson of Altamont and the Hells Angels disaster, where 300,000 people who had good vibes but were untogether could not stop a band of 40 from beating, killing, and terrorizing at will.

Sure, we have god on our side, but it'll take more than that to build a new nation! Along with good vibes we'll need ways to defend ourselves. Along with retreat and renewal in nature, we'll require a constant willingness to return and fight to save the cities from killing themselves off. Along with our quest for freedom, we'll need discipline and a level of collective consciousness far higher than that reached to date.

"We are all outlaws in the eyes of America"--and no matter how beautiful our myths or pure our hearts, we won't be getting what we want or what we need unless we take that reality into account.

Jean Raisler



HIGH SCHOOL

This column isn't a real newsy one because of Christmas vacation (and our deadline). But I did find out one thing of importance in time.

At Kenwood in Hyde Park, a mostly black school, Keith Swindell of the Black Students Union was taken to task for absences and tardiness. What the task-taking involved was transferring him to another school. The BSU feels he was exiled because of his political activity.

They acted. On January 12th, a couple hundred people sat in around the issues of Keith's transfer and other demands until the administration assured that they were in sympathy with the demands which included naming a room after Fred Hampton, the creation of a black studies center and a student faculty board, and an end to searching students' lockers and confiscating material without their knowledge. (The BSU claims that the administration has been confiscating such things as Black Panther community newspapers and other revolutionary props from lockers while people are in class.)

The next day a meeting was called by the BSU to discuss the demands, how the people should go about making sure the administration met the demands, and to listen to people from the Black Panther Party. The students talked mostly about the school — how bad it was, who was responsible for it being bad, and what they could do to change the school. When the Panthers spoke, they spoke of the community and about how the students had to be thinking first of that. The Panthers spoke of school only as a training for helping the people, and not as a step toward a big car and lots of money. They spoke of self-defense. They spoke of alliance with revolutionary whites.

The BSU will no doubt not be about the same things it was before hearing this series of raps. Its demands will or already have been changed. But whatever their new demands turn out to be, they will accomplish a lot because they understand that they must act to accomplish anything. Their action to help Keith Swindell is a valuable lesson, perhaps model, for anyone trying

ing to change their school. It was a sit-in that prevented Keith's transfer, just as it was girls wearing pants at Maine South that beat the dress code and all kinds of actions in New York City that got the students a complete bill of rights.

With few exceptions, it's going to be action that gets rid of bad teachers, it will be actions that end the outrageous violations of students rights that are so common. It will be the actions of united groups of students that make possible education instead of programming. People have been farting around with the proper channels for a long time, seldom getting any real changes. We've all met the Student Council president who tells us how much the Council's going to do. Proper channels respond only to what they want to accept except when when pressured. Proper channels did nothing for black people until the civil rights movement, little until the riots.

Naturally, the administration will grant things right and left when things get tight — just the possibility of that happening has scared many administrations into dropping their dress codes in a vain attempt to retain legitimacy in the student's eyes.

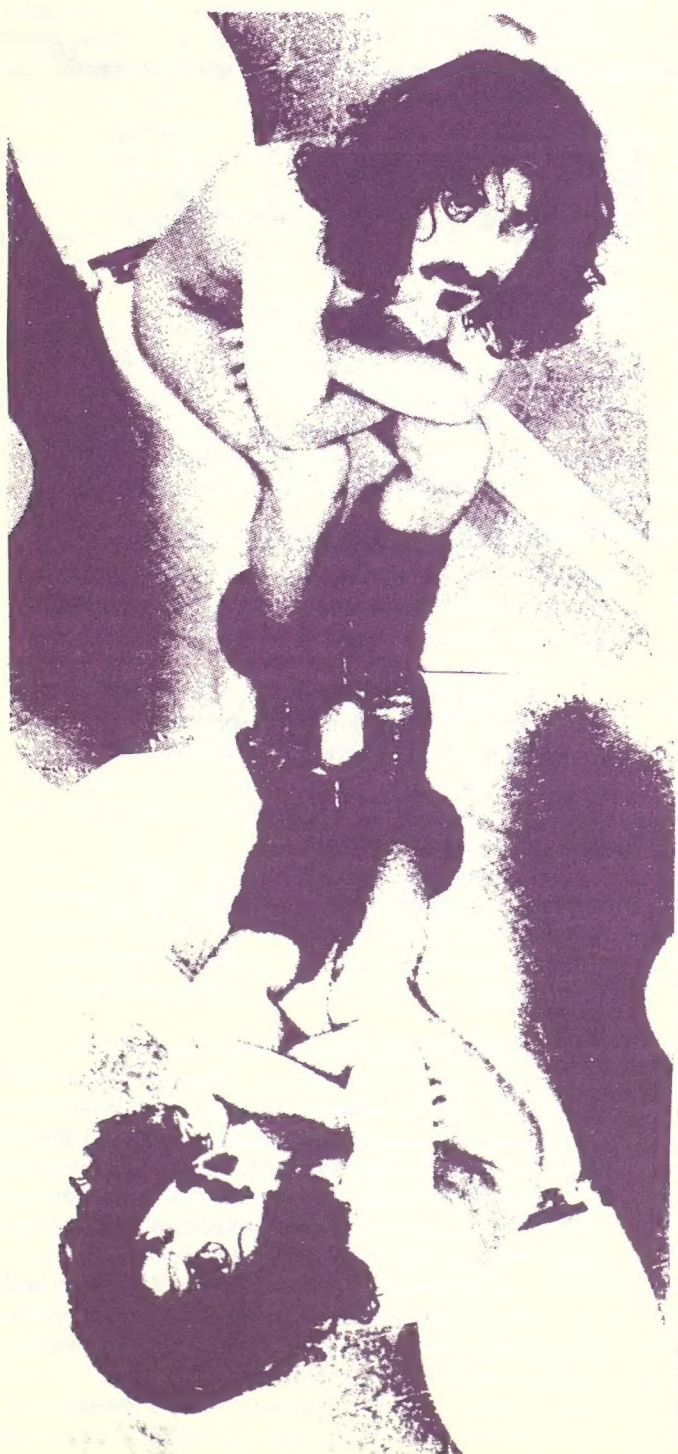
Changing people's heads and the school is not going to be any light task. You must commit yourself to... doing it. Start organizing, get together with other people who dig it, and talk to people who don't. Do a paper, do leaflets, show Newsreel films, have meetings. Don't expect cooperation from the school. Do it yourself.

And when it happens, call us up and we'll put it in this column.

* * * * *

People who are interested in doing it, or who want to know more, or who want to talk to other people who are doing it should come to liberation school, 2440 N. Lincoln, every Sunday at 1:00 p.m. *Kosarian*

DON'T FLUSH FOR EVERYTHING



By now most everyone has an idea of the repression that's going on in America.

Fascism.
Bummer.
Genocide.
Horror Show.

We encounter it when we go to traffic court and hear the clerk whisper about our hair. We get an idea of what it's about when we're stopped and frisked on the street. We flash on it applying for a passport on falling in on a straight cousin's wedding or putting on a costume when things get tough and it becomes time to look for a straight job.

Some people come a bit closer to the heart of the matter. They get a chance at ten years in the penitentiary for trying to stop the war and Abandon the Creeping Meatball. They get to spend ten a.m. to five p.m. on the twenty-third floor of the Federal Building, inside what Abbie Hoffman calls "the neon oven." And they get to suffer before Judge Julius Jennings Hoffman.

Judge Hoffman. During the three-and-one-half months of the trial, he has earned a few other names;

The Yippies called this cartoon of a man "Magoo" at the beginning of the trial, because he looked so weird and talked as if his larynx was made of sandpaper.

The Panthers called him "Adolph Hitler Hoffman" when he bound and shackled Bobby Seale.

The people who show up every day now merely call him "the Judge," because he's become too far out to bag with a single word or phrase.

If National Educational Television piped the Trial into Political Sciences classes, every high school and college in the land would have a riot when people saw the gap between the theories they're fed in class and the reality of how the courts actually function.

Julius Hoffman is the worst priest in the worst parochial school in Chicago.

Julius Hoffman is the guy who heads up detention class.

Julius Hoffman is the truant officer.

When a defendant is sick in Julius Hoffman's court, he has to bring a note from home.

When a defendant talks at the table in Julius Hoffman's court he risks getting his name written down in the Big Black Book. ("He knows if you've been bad or good.")

When a 54-year-old defendant gets treated like he's six, he knows that he is in Julius Hoffman's court. Julius the Just.

"The Judge" has a vampire for an ego, and he never misses a chance to feed it. He arrested four lawyers when the trial began for withdrawing by telegram rather than fly 3000 miles each to make ten-minute appearances. He spoke about his role as the savior of "the Negro people of Chicago" on the same day that he sentenced Bobby Seale to four years in prison for daring to

insist on being his own attorney. He nearly perished from glee when he got the chance to ORDER Richard J. Daley, the very man for whom this "due process" is being held, to raise his voice.

The current phase of "The Judge's" bum trip began on January 8th, when Ed Sanders, poet, author, and rock and roller, testified about the Yippies. He got "The Judge" off his chair when he introduced himself as a "peace creep." He raised him a little higher when he explained that the second Yippie meeting had consisted of a half-hour's meditation in front of a Che poster followed by another half-hour during which he, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman and others strapped baggies full of ice cubes on their feet and ran about to "toughen their soles." He brought him full to his feet when he revealed during cross examination that the Yippies had planned for "dawn ass-washing" and a giant ceremony at Soldier's Field in which "Hubert Humphrey would confess to Allen Ginsberg his secret preference for anal intercourse."

From then on, "The Judge" was in the ozone. He nearly barred the next major witness, Professor Don Kalish of UCLA and the National Mobilization, because he wanted to take the oath from Column B, the one without "God" in it. He threatened the lawyers when they asked questions a big outside the scope of the examination. And then, just before the end of the day, he told all present that the defendants would have to use the dirty, seatless crapper in the lockup adjoining the courtroom instead of the clean, tiled shithouse down the hall.

The defendants no longer could leave the room, even if they raised their hands! The reason? Talking in the hallways!

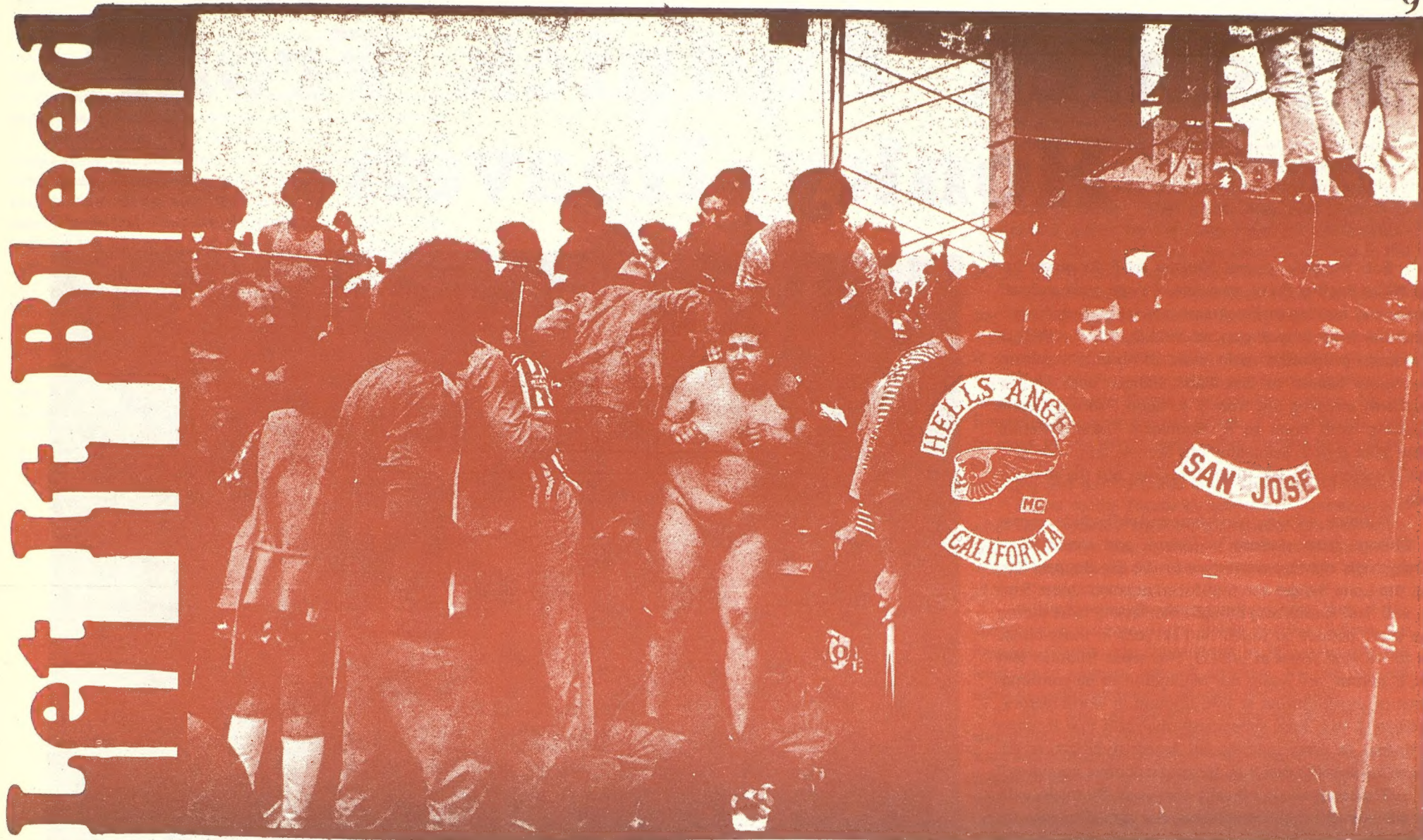
The Great Toilet Issue came to a head Friday morning. When reading the transcript, keep the following things in mind:

"The Judge's" voice, which sounds like chalk being dragged across a blackboard and shifts from tenor to falsetto when something "irks" him.

His appearance, which has been described as a turkey
Mr. Magoo
a melon atop a pile of black sheets
the Mad Hatter (in a Chicago Bar Association play, no less)

His mannerisms— Due to his size, his face is barely visible over the table in front of him. The slightest opposition to his will turns his face from cancer white to apoplexy red and makes him rock back and forth in his chair like a cat building momentum before a pounce.

The style of Dick Schultz, who operates like the



sandy darlington

The Stones' free concert. Sympathy for the Devil. "Something weird always seems to happen when we play this song," said Mick Jagger as the Angels murdered a black man on stage about twenty feet away from him.

The Sunday Examiner and Oakland Tribune lied about it. So did radio and TV. Including KSAN, at least during the time of the concert. They were programmed for Woodstock West, instant Woodstock, so they reported it even though it never happened. A Beautiful day, only one murder!

I got there a half hour early. Parked a half mile away. Walked into the front row mumbling some litany about Press and sat down, my arm leaning on the monitor speakers. The traffic jam was another media myth, you see.

A fat guy about three hundred pounds of heavenly joy, stripped. Naked blubber. Gross. Idiot smile. His bouncy body and his little pecker. Like a parody. But it was all right if he wanted it that way, from my point of view.

However, the sight of him freaked some stud who immediately wanted to beat him up. Not an Angel. Just some young man who immediately stiffened and started growling, like a German Shepherd getting ready for a dog fight. His girl friend threw herself on him: No, Johnny, no! Rebel without a cause.

Later a bunch of people, mostly Angels, beat the fat guy up.

The first fight was with pool cues. I think somebody hit an Angel to start it. Anyway, an Angel toppled into Ed Leimbacher's lap as he sat unable to move and everybody else split. During Santana's set. Oh yes, all the music was good. I was about five feet away. Suddenly the crowd exploded. Young people, hairy...not hippies...the windbreaker-wearing set, last two years of high school, first two of college. They had been throwing food to each other shortly before. Suddenly, in one spot they exploded and began rushing away screaming No Stop Help! A circle of open ground. In the middle people were hitting each other. A photographer at the side, getting focused. An Angel said No Pictures! Two of them jumped the photographer. Another guy said something like Hey Stop that. An Angel cracked him over the head with a pool cue. He sat down. People all around began to raise their hands in the V sign. That was their big response. It was so fucking pathetic.

Another fight during the Airplane set. Balin tried to stop it. They beat him up. Kantner got pissed off and said so over the mike. An Angel went for him.

—You're hitting my lead singer.

—He insulted my brothers.

—This is my band.

—This is my family.

Finally Grace Slick wooed them away with a rap about fucking is better than fighting. Don't touch bodies except to make love. Smiling at various Angels. Whorehouse tactics. And brave. And smart. Lili Marlene. It pissed me off that the Airplane kept playing during one fight. It pissed me that Jorma wore a big iron swastika around his neck. Oh yes it's a sun symbol. And we're only in it for the music. They ended their set with a song about revolution. Horseshit.

Balin was brave. Or foolish? Yes, but there were few fools that brave that day. Hardly anybody stepped into the fighting to stop it like he did. And if Grace hadn't stepped forward, the temper was such that the Angels were about to massacre the Airplane.

Why didn't the Airplane walk off stage then? I doubt they could have. They were at bay.

No fights during Flying Burrito Brothers. One fight during Crosby, Stills etc.

We half-watched the music, half-watched for the next fight. People said When the Stones come on, somebody will get killed. It was in the air.

The whole crowd was uptight from the start. They wanted Instant Woodstock. Too crowded. Body to body. At the end of a set, we'd stand up. Whereupon people would push forward. Then others would yell Sit Down! We'd sit down on each other, or yell I can't until you move back. Yes it was inhuman. So this is the Aquarian Age.

I kept thinking we are so stupid, so unable to cope with anything practical. Push forward yes, smoke dope yes. But maintain? Never. We don't know how. We've been coddled, treadmilled, straight-teethed and vitamin-pilled, but we don't know what to do on our own. Reports of a revolution are vastly premature. We don't like the power structure. But we have to live together. We will be governed by others until we learn how to govern ourselves.

Sam Cutler, the Stones' road manager, was MC. I liked his London accent. Many didn't like him because of his manner and choice of words. I can't remember exactly what he said, but it was things like, People, we must resolve our tensions with equanimity.

Then: Move back, Get off the light towers, We need a doctor, This is a Party.

Dull technical English vibes. The English live together fairly well. They do it by being repressed. Mind your head, don't jump the queue. It's not much help in a high energy situation.

During the Stones' set, there were several fights at first. It was dark then. Primeval gloom. The swamp. Suddenly a circle would open up. In the

PHOTO/ROLLING STONE

middle a bunch of Angels kicking somebody.

A girl jumped on stage to touch Mick. Four or five Angels pounded on her. Jagger said Hey Hey, one of you guys can handle her, you don't need eight. After he said it three times, they desisted a bit. No more girls tried to get on stage.

At one point, some Angels drove their bikes into the front of the crowd to take pressure off the stage. That sounds terrible, and the noise was a drag. But in fact it was a good idea, except that after ten minutes people had swamped where the bikes were.

The crowd got into hating Angels without much trouble. All those nice kids with their V signs that didn't do anything and their day was being spoiled by the Hells Angels. Deplore violence. Oh life would be so beautiful if only the bad guys weren't here.

I don't know anything about the Angels personally, and I'm talking as a spectator. It seems to me that a man wants to be an Angel partly because they are tough and because of the bikes and the jackets, but there is a deeper reason also. They are proud to be Angels, because they know they are honest. And they are. You don't get any bullshit. Quite true, they aren't pacifists. But they aren't saying they are either. They are saying, among other things, don't fuck with us or we'll fight you. And that crowd fucked with them. The whole day fucked with them. We were frustrated. And we wanted violence. We got it. Don't make scapegoats of them.

I don't like Authority ever, so I didn't like the Angels much either. But how to relate right then? How to help? I'm not a fighter. And talking was out. Hence, I was as helpless as anyone. Impotent. That's the word. When the musicians tried to calm things down, they were the same way. They had power of sorts as long as they played. But as soon as they stepped out from the shelter of their guitars and said Cool It, it was like a commercial.

During the Stones' set, the fights were all the more terrifying. Because of the darkness. Somebody threw a smoke bomb into the first few rows at the beginning of Sympathy for the Devil. Some brother, as we say.

And in the middle of the circle, there would be one or two lying on the ground bleeding.

Who got the Angels to act as Security? The Stones and the Grateful Dead. Gleason puts them down for that. Well, I saw the Angels do the same job at the Be-In, at Santa Clara Rock Festival, and at their beautiful birthday party dance at the Carou-

Pudnick Rudnick From Honky Heaven

Bob Rudnick, crazed Minister of Propaganda for the White Panther Party, advocate of dope, rock and roll music, and fucking in the streets, has taken over the microphone from 5 to 9 p.m. at WGLD, 102.7. WGLD broadcasts progressive rock music 24 hours a day from the honky heaven of Oak Park, Illinois, with Stoned Stephanie stepping out from 7 to noon, Plinky Psyche sounding forth noon to 5, Rudnick's Kokaine Karma show from 5 to 9, Scopaliminous Scorpio 9 to midnight, and Chicago's own Big Bill Hill kicking out the all-night jams.

Rudnick, a young, handsome and virile dude, comes to Chicago from stations in Detroit and Union, New Jersey. His right-on admixture of the Big Bopper, Sun Ra, the Lone Ranger and faithful companion Uncle Tonto, and Tuli Kupferberg brought him lasting fame during the short periods in which he held jobs in those cities. As to his new duties at WGLD, Righteous Rudnick said "It is neither my desire nor inclination to be contumacious or conspiratorial at this juncture in world history, however I still must vehemently maintain that it is the birthright of every red-blooded American citizen to enjoy all the benefits that their birthright confers upon her."

The longhaired and gaily-clad Jock Rudnick, with his 17-year old male companion, has agreed to take up the challenge and become a major cog in the community. They have opened the Kokaine Karma airwaves to the Chicago Seed for news reports, and to the YIPPIE office for ruse reports. Rudnick (known as "Pudnick" to his few friends and many admirers) will continue to fill the airwaves with jazz and rock 'n roll sounds which have never before been heard in the Hog Butcher.

It is this writer's heart-felt opinion, that Bob Rudnick and his bizarre Kokaine Karma show is the best addition to Chicagoland radio since the demise of "Let's Pretend" and Smiling Ed O'Connell. May he have continued success, good health and good dope.

Bob Rudnick



PHOTO/ARMANDO

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clothe the inner man.

An underground paper in San Diego, the Street Journal, has been broken into, riddled with bullets, had window \$4,000 worth of equipment destroyed, had windows smashed four times, and other uglies too numerous to mention, after it started printing a series on corruption in the local government. In October they ran a two-page expose on a local millionaire and political kingpin named C. Arnholt Smith. Two weeks later, the funny business began (they had published for a year, untouched, before the expose). Reportedly, the police and the building inspectors are having a contest to see who can shut the paper down first. But the Street Journal is still coming out, and the staff vows that they will publish even if they have to hand-write the paper.

On other underground publishing fronts, two editors of the New Orleans underground paper, Nola Express, have been indicted for mailing obscene matter, a charge that will come with increasing frequency against undergrounds as the Nixon administration moves against dissent... And an Ann Arbor judge called the Ann Arbor Argus "unquestionably obscene", but acquitted editor Ken Kelley of a charge of "distributing obscenity" because the State couldn't prove that he'd distributed it.



Kagu N. W. Cusa 1966

On January 2nd, New York's mayor, John Lindsay, announced that the city's subway- and bus-fare would rise a full 50%, from 20 to 30 cents. This move shattered a minimum of two world's records for sheer audacity, since: a) Lindsay had campaigned for (and won) reelection on the promise to hold the line on the 20 cent fare, thereby achieving the distinction of breaking a campaign promise before assuming his new term of office; and, b) the fares (and tokens) were changed over the weekend, giving the transit-users no time at all in which to exchange their old tokens for new ones.

So Monday morning, January 5, saw thousands of commuters waiting in queues that stretched the entire length of the station and out into the street. Many waited as long as an hour in the frigid cold to get a token for the long, crowded, dirty journey downtown. Thousands of others, less dutiful in the face of the city's bullshit, walked/ran/leaped/crawled over/under/around and through the turnstiles, in a never-to-be-forgotten 'fuck you' gesture at the Transit Authority that resulted in hundreds of police being called out to quell the insurrection and scores of arrests in dozens of incidents scattered over the face of the subway map. Several of the arrested, a large proportion of whom were straight folks, had to be handcuffed to the retaining gates while their arresting officers ran off in search of more gate-hoppers.

A few days later, an 'A' train full of rush-hour passengers stalled on the tracks. One carload, irate over getting a dime's worth of service for 30 cents, refused to leave the stalled train when the TA finally sent another train for them. In a final act of righteous anger, they smashed every window in the car.

Keep these valiant commuters in mind when the CTA fare goes up to 50 cents --- another world's record.

ROACHES



Say good-bye to that Giant Panda.
Bid a fond farewell to that ol' Southern Sea Otter.
Seek no more for the Pygmy Hippopotamus.
They're all on the list of animals considered by zoologists to be "endangered" or "vanishing" species.
They will soon be as extinct as the proverbial Dodo.
But don't weep for the loss of the friendly Kagu.
Just think of it as their being removed to make way for another parking lot.



Pygmy hippopotamus D. W. Ovenden 1966

On Sunday morning, Dec. 28, The ROTC building on the University of Wisconsin campus was firebombed. The fire was extinguished after causing about a thousand dollars of damage. The next morning an anonymous caller gave the Madison Kaleidoscope this statement:

"The policy of our group is to increase the level of violence against both on campus and off campus institutions of repression. On the campus our activity will escalate until the university accedes to the demands of SDS and other student power oriented groups. The level of violence will be raised until either the demands are met or the university physical is destroyed and the institution shut down."

New Year's eve the group struck again, this time at the U.S. Army Reserve Center at 1402 Park St. The attackers entered the building and remained for several hours, destroying communications equipment and records, overturning furniture, and painting FUCK THE ARMY on the walls. New Year's day another phone call informed the paper that the group had taken a cessna 150 from the Middleton Wis. airport and dropped three bombs from it on the Baraboo Army Ordnance Center, a munitions plant owned and operated by Olin Mathieson. The bombs were said to be mayonnaise jars filled with phosphorus sesquisulfide. They were duds. The pilot landed the plane at night with no lights at Sauk County airport and escaped. The owner turned out to be an employee of the UW ROTC training program. Jan. 2 the UW primate lab was firebombed, apparently by mistake. On Jan. 3 the Red Gym, a campus landmark was rendered unusable by another firebombing. The liberal Madison daily offered a thousand dollar reward for information leading to the arrest of the bombers and Tim Slater, ecology editor of Madison Kaleidoscope was arrested and held on \$50,000 bail when he walked into the UW library and shouted "Everybody out, this building goes up in two minutes."

Live like them, and don't get caught.

On December 27th, the red-brick building on the corner of 111th Street and Lexington Avenue in New York was called the First Spanish Methodist Church, and it was empty. By the next day, it had been re-christened La Iglesia de la Gente... The People's Church, and the drab walls resounded with the sounds of a community gathering together to help itself. Early that morning, during Sunday services, the New York chapter of the Young Lords had entered the church and declared that after six weeks of fruitless negotiations with the Board of Directors, they were going ahead with their plans to use the church as a community center. That night, they held their first community supper for the hungry and their first liberation classes for the children. As always is the case in the ghetto, most of the hungriest were the children.

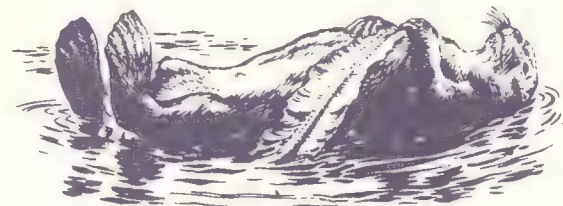
The church, with a mostly middle-class Cuban refugee congregation, consistently turned deaf ears on the crying needs of the bone-poor community surrounding it --- most of the Cubans had long since departed "El Barrio" for plusher surroundings, and cared little of the plight of the Puerto Ricans who remained behind. So, on December 7th, when Felipe Luciano, YLO Chairman, rose to speak to the worshippers, pastor Humberto Carranza, himself an anti-Castro refugee, called in the NYPD. The resulting raid put 13 Lords in jail and 8 in the hospital.

Power to the People by any means necessary, and what was necessary were the boards and bars and chains with which the Lords barricaded the doors of the church --- until such time as the Directors responded to the needs of the community.

While barring the church-owners, they invited the people from the community inside, and for 10 days, the People's Church was consecrated in full stomachs, the laughing of playing, learning children, and the growing spirit in a neighborhood trod-upon for too long.

At 7 a.m. on January 7, police sledge-hammers ended the 10 days of the People's Church. Sheriff William Kehl and 8 unarmed deputies --- unarmed in response to a pledge of peace by the Lords, made to protect the children who flocked continually to the church --- entered and pronounced the 103 Lords and their supporters in the building to be under arrest.

But the First Spanish Methodist Church won't be allowed to forget what happened in the red-brick building on the corner of 111th and Lexington, because the people of "El Barrio" won't forget the time when the People's Church opened its doors for ten days and Served the People.



Southern sea otter D. W. Ovenden 1967

Everybody's favorite movement stand-up comic, General Waste-more-land, has been busted.

He's the affable young gent you might have seen loitering in the vicinity of peace demonstrations, dressed in a spiffy uniform decorated with jet bombers on both shoulders and a B-52 on his cap.

He was cracked recently in downtown San Francisco for "obstructing the sidewalk" (he was handing out peace literature on the curb), and "impersonating an officer". Which just goes to show what kind of a sense of humor Mayor Alioto has.

The Good General isn't worried, though. He figures he wasn't taking up any more sidewalk space than, say, a Salvation Army Santa Claus. And as for his "general's uniform" --- it's nothing but an old custom's inspector's get-up. He's so confident, in fact, that he's started his own lawsuit against the city of San Francisco, charging police harassment.



ESQUIRE



The Unmaking of a Pacifist

Moratoriums don't stop genocide. A demonstration which would have succeeded two years ago is crushed by National Guardsmen. The courts are overflowing with people who tried to use peaceful means.

Flowers and guns. If you keep your ears open at bull sessions, you know the two raps making the rounds as the sixties close. One lays out the need to end violence as a thing in itself or talks about the futility of arming against the world's best armed government. The other speaks to our place in the world revolution, and asks whether we are willing to be Good Germans while the US eats countries and creates an intolerable, plastic lifestyle.

Linda Morse, a tall, blonde, pretty woman who would not be cast in a Hollywood production involving urban guerilla warfare, came to Chicago in August, 1968. She went through some heavy changes on Michigan Avenue and in the dark shadows of Lincoln Park.

On December 16th, Linda Morse returned to talk about her participation in the Convention. Her testimony is a record of the transition from America to Amerika.

Abe



BY MR. SCHULTZ:

Q. You saw one of the machine guns in the picture. You don't know what caliber it is, do you?

THE COURT: Are you, Mr. Schultz--

MR. SCHULTZ: No, I am not referring--

THE COURT: This is not voir dire?

MR. SCHULTZ: No it is not, your Honor.

BY MR. SCHULTZ:

Q. You don't know what caliber it is, do you?

A. No.

Q. You practice shooting an M-1 yourself, don't you?

A. Yes, I do.

Q. You also practice karate, don't you?

A. Yes, I do.

Q. What else do you practice?

A. Just those two things.

Q. That is for revolution, isn't it?

A. After Chicago, I changed from being a pacifist to the realization we had to defend ourselves. A non-violent revolution was impossible. I desperately wish it was possible.

Q. And the only way you can change this country, is it not, is by a violent revolution, isn't that your thought?

BY THE WITNESS:

A. I believe we have to have a revolution that changes the society into a good society, and to a society that meets the ideals that the country was founded on years ago which it hasn't met since then, and I think that we have the right to defend ourselves. The Minutemen in New York City were arrested with bazookas. Housewives in suburban areas have guns.

Q. And the way you are going to change this country is by violent revolution, isn't that right, Miss Morse?

A. The way we are going to change the country is by political revolution, sir.

Q. Miss Morse, isn't it a fact that in your opinion, there is no alternative but revolution?

A. Yes.

Q. And is it a fact that you believe that the revolution will be gradual, and you and your people will gain control of the cities of the United States just like the guerillas of the National Liberation Front are gaining control of the cities in Viet Nam?

A. I believe that the people of the United States will regain control of their own cities.

Q. Just like the guerillas of the National Liberation Front are gaining control of their cities, isn't that right?

A. Just like the Vietnamese people are regaining control of their country.

Q. Isn't it a fact that you believe that the United States government will control sections of its cities while the fighting rages in other sections of the cities not controlled by the Government of the United States?

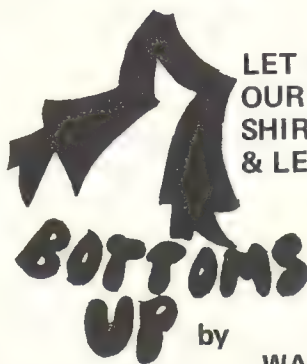
A. The Government of the United States is losing its credibility day after day in sections of the society just all over the place, and I think right now the Government of the United States does not control the minds and hearts of the American people in many, many places.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I think also Mr. Schultz obviously is reading from Playboy Magazine which does contain an interview with the witness, and he ought to indicate that that is where this question is coming from.

THE COURT: What is your answer to that question?

THE WITNESS: That the Government of the United States has lost its credibility today; that there is fighting in the United States today going on in cities in this country today. People's Park in Berkeley, the policemen shot at us when people were unarmed, were fighting, if you wish, with rocks, the policemen used double load buckshot and rifles, and pistols against unarmed demonstrators. That is fighting. OK? There is fighting going on in the United States right now. People are fighting to regain their liberty, fighting to regain their freedom, fighting for a totally different society, people in the black community, people in the Puerto Rican community, people in

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the Mexican-American community; and people in the white communities. They are fighting by political means as well as defending themselves. (Judge Hoffman says that Linda's answers are not responsive.)

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, they are intensely political questions and she is trying to give a political answer to a political question.

THE COURT: THIS IS NOT A POLITICAL CASE AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED.

MR. KUNSTLER: Well, Your Honor, as far as some of the rest of us are concerned, it is quite a political case.

THE COURT: IT IS A CRIMINAL CASE. THERE IS AN INDICTMENT HERE. I HAVE THE INDICTMENT RIGHT UP HERE. I CAN'T GO INTO POLITICS HERE IN THIS COURT.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, Jesus was accused criminally, too, and we understand really that was not truly a criminal case in the sense that it is just an ordinary--

THE COURT: I didn't live at that time. I don't know. Some people think I go back that far, but I really don't.

MR. KUNSTLER: Well, I was assuming your Honor had read of the incident.

BY MR. SCHULTZ:

Q. Isn't it a fact that you have stated on a previous occasion that there will be sections that we will gain control over as the NLF has done in the villages of Viet Nam, and sections that Washington still dominates, as it does the area around Saigon, and sections where the fighting continues to rage?

A. Yes, I believe that there would be sections of the country that the people of the United States regain control of, and sections of the country that Washington, DC will control with its police and its troops, and sections where there will be a conflict.

Q. And gradually the Government of the United States will be taken over by this revolution?

A. Yes.

Q. And that your ultimate goal is to create a nation with this revolutionary party?

A. Revolutionary party? My ultimate goal is to create a society that is a free society; that is a joyous society where everyone is fed, where everyone is educated, where everyone has a job, where everyone has a chance to express himself artistically or politically or spiritually or religiously.

Q. With regard to the revolution that we are talking about, you are prepared, aren't you, both to die and to kill for it, isn't that right?

A. Yes.

THE COURT: I didn't hear that last answer.

THE WITNESS: I said yes, in self-defense.

BY MR. SCHULTZ:

Q. And further, because the educational system is so rotten, that if you cannot change it you will attempt to totally destroy it in the United States, isn't that right?

A. The educational system in the United States right now is destroying millions of people in Viet Nam and around the world. The aerosol bombs that are used in Viet Nam, or are being prepared to be used in Viet Nam for CBW warfare, were prepared right at Berkeley, California, where I live, and the educational system in the country is used currently to destroy people, not to create life.

Q. That is part of the reason why you are learning how to shoot your M-1 rifle?

A. I am learning how to shoot my M-1 rifle for two reasons, sir. One of them is to protect myself from situations that I was in in Berkeley some time back, which was a horrible situation for me where I was grabbed by two young men and taken off to the hills and molested; and housewives all over the country have guns in their houses for that very purpose, and that is one thing. The other thing is the fact that the policemen look out their windows at me and they make snide comments and they say, "Hi Linda, how are you doing?" "You better watch out. Hi Linda. You better be careful," and it seems like every single policeman in Berkeley knows who I am, and when policemen start doing things like what

they have been doing lately, killing Fred Hampton, attacking the Black Panther office in Los Angeles, shooting people in People's Park and in Chicago, then I believe we have the right to defend ourselves.

Q. One of the reasons further for your revolution, is your opposition to capitalism and imperialism, isn't that right?

A. That's right.

Q. And the more you realize our system is sick, the more you want to tear it from limb to limb, isn't that right?

A. That's right.

Q. And the more you realize our system is sick, the more you want to tear it from limb to limb, isn't that right?

A. The more that I see the horrors that are perpetuated by this Government, the more that I read about things like troop trains full of nerve gas traveling across the country where one accident could wipe out thousands and thousands of people, the more that I see things like companies just pouring waste into lakes and into rivers and just destroying them, the more I see things like the oil fields in the ocean off Santa Barbara coast where the Secretary of the Interior and the oil companies got together and agreed to continue producing oil from those offshore oil fields and ruined a whole section of the coast; the more that I see things like an educational system which teaches black people and Puerto Rican people and Mexican-Americans that they are only fit to be domestics and dishwashers, if that; the more that I see a system that teaches middle-class whites like me to continue producing CBW warfare, to continue working on computers and things like that to learn how to kill people better, to learn how to control people better, yes, the more I want to see that system torn down and replaced by a totally different one; one that cares about people learning; that cares about children being fed breakfast before they go to school; one that cares about people going to college for free; one that cares about people living adult lives that are responsible, fulfilled adult lives, not just drudgery, day after day after going to a job; one that gives people a chance to express themselves artistically and politically and creatively, religiously and philosophically. That is the kind of system I want to see in its stead.

MR. SCHULTZ: Your Honor, the answer is not responsive. I move it be stricken.

MR. KUNSTLER: The answer could not have been more responsive to his question.

THE COURT: Not much more. I strike the answer and direct the jury to disregard it as being unresponsive to the question.

Q. Now isn't it a fact, Miss Morse, that your feeling is that this country is going to have to be changed radically and the way this is going to come about is through a revolution and this revolution is going to entail the use of violence on both--on our part both to defend ourselves and to tear down the establishment?

A. Yes, that is correct.

Q. And isn't it a fact that your learning your karate and your other skill is to use these skills in revolutionary guerilla warfare on the streets of the American cities?

A. I still don't know whether I could ever kill anyone, Mr. Schultz.

Q. Well, let me ask you--

A. I haven't reached that point yet...My learning karate and learning how to shoot at this point is in expectation of being able to defend myself. Eventually I see a need for--there is no way out, you know.

Q. Your feeling is, Miss Morse, that you cannot make the people aware of the sickness of America without your revolution, isn't that right?

A. A revolution won't occur without people being aware of it. It is not going to be 500 radicals taking over the United States.

What I said in that paragraph was that before you can change people, you have to make people--or change society, you have to make people aware of the sicknesses in the society and that the only solution to those sicknesses is a revolution, but that is not the same as saying that you have to have a rev-

olution first and then people will become aware. It is impossible to have a revolution unless all of the people want it and they are aware of the problems and that is what this paragraph means.

Q. Well, people have to be aware of the problems and then there will be a revolution?

A. People make the revolution. A small band of radicals like the stereotype doesn't make a revolution. It is the masses of American people or all of the Vietnamese people. And the revolution won't happen until everyone or practically everyone in the country wants it except those opposed to it who have the most to lose.

Q. Prior to the convention, isn't it a fact that you felt that the McCarthy campaigners were revolting because the electoral system is simply not capable of being reformed...

I am sorry I misstated it.

That the McCarthy campaigning was revolting simply because the electoral system is not capable of being reformed?

A. I don't think revolting is the correct word. I felt the McCarthy campaign was an attempt on the part of the system to bring back the young people who had been protesting the war and protesting the draft through the anti-war movement, back into the system, and to offer them an alternative which in my opinion was just not real because I felt that even if McCarthy would be elected, he would not have the power to stop the war if people, certain people, wanted it to continue.

Q. Do you recall being contacted by two agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in December, December 5th, 1968?

A. Yes. Well, I don't remember specific dates but I remember they came around a couple of times.

Q. Did you tell agents of the FBI what you have told the court and jury here today?

A. No. I told them I wouldn't talk to them.

REDIRECT EXAMINATION--WILLIAM KUNSTLER:

Q. Now when you were interviewed by the Playboy interviewers and expressed your views about the United States and the world as questioned by Mr. Schultz, were they the same views you had prior to the Democratic National Convention?

A. No, they were not.

Q. Can you state to the jury what your views were on the same subject as Mr. Schultz related to you prior to the Democratic National Convention in 1968?

A. Prior to the Democratic Convention I had believed that the United States' society had to be changed, the economic and political system, but the way to bring about that change was through non-violence, through non-violent action, and through political organizing. I felt that we could reach policemen, that we could reach the Government of the United States by holding non-violent sit-ins and non-violent demonstrations, by putting our bodies on the line and allowing ourselves to be beaten if they chose to do that, and I have been beaten several times during such demonstrations, and not fighting back and showing that we could create a different kind of society that way, a society of love and change the policeman's attitude toward us and the attitudes of the Government toward us, you know, by loving them.

The specific things that made me change my attitude were the actions on Mayor Daley's part in refusing permits, in violating completely as far as I was concerned, the Constitution which allows you the right to march and demonstrate, the actions on the part of the policemen and some of the National Guardsmen, although not all of them--some of them were great--in beating demonstrators horribly, and preventing us from exercising our constitutional rights, and what I saw on television of what was going on inside the convention which convinced me that the democratic process, political process, had fallen apart; that the police state that existed outside the convention also existed inside the convention and that non-violent methods would not work to change that; that we had to defend ourselves or we would be wiped out.

Q. By the way, how old are you?

A. Twenty-six years old. Just twenty-six...

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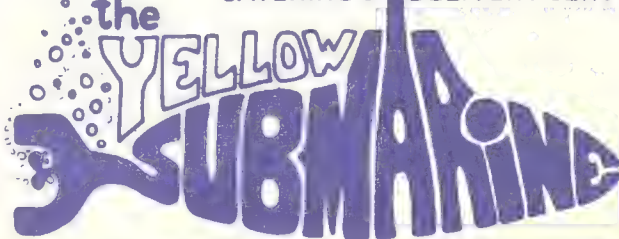


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THE SELLING OF THE IMAGE

The Image: A Guide to Pseudo-Events in America, Daniel J. Boorstin, Harper Colophon Books, \$1.75

The Selling of the President, 1968, Joe McGinniss, Trident Press, \$5.95

There's a cartoon called "Billy Graham Meets the Dope Mystics" that shows the Reverend rapping to a bunch of freaks from a stage full of instruments and amplifiers. The cartoon was drawn about a year ago. Last month Billy Graham spoke at the Miami Rock Festival.

Charles Manson is accused of killing Sharon Tate. Not everyone knows who Charles Manson is, but the silent majority turns up the volume to hear about the upcoming trial, the record album, the film rights and the hippie menace.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy was President of the United States. He escalated involvement in Vietnam. His lovely wife blew more money in a week than most people earn in a year. Lyndon Baines Johnson was President of the United States. He escalated involvement in Vietnam. He pulled his dogs' ears, showed his scars to cameramen, and had an ugly old lady.

America loved JFK but drove LBJ from office. The reason for the difference is called "image," which a technological democracy projects by producing "pseudo-events."

A pseudo-event is a planned activity put on to reach large numbers of people. It uses the media and what has been called the information explosion to choose and rearrange facts into a desired message. It appeals to people who want to know the truth.

A pseudo-event is not the same as propaganda. Propaganda used an over-simplified message or slogan geared to people's emotions; a pseudo-event magnifies an event into a cartoon of itself and promotes doubts and uncertainties to interest the person at whom it is aimed.

Tossing money onto the floor of the Stock Exchange or toting guns into the California Legislature were pseudo-events designed to show that freaks could live without money and black people could run the colony. Shouting "Power to the People" is propaganda, but it becomes a pseudo-event if done on the north-west corner of H.L. Hunt's ranch.

When pushed to an extreme, pseudo-events become what the Beatles had in mind when they sang "Nothing is real." Pseudo-events can be produced which are more dramatic, clear, safe and entertaining than reality. The celebrity—"a person who is known for his well-knownness"—replaces the hero. Tourists replace voyagers. People are disappointed when an original masterpiece is duller than the high-contrast print hanging from their living room wall. The shadow becomes the substance as experience is ordered to suit any taste.

Pseudo-events are often joyful, but they have a dangerous side as well. The plastic domes which Abbie

mentions in *Woodstock Nation* screen out new information. People become more concerned with understanding the fine points of far-out commercials than with the shoddiness or uselessness of the product they're being hyped to buy. People become hung up with commissions and committees while other human beings starve and breathe poison. People dig insane personalities because they project "interesting" qualities.

The biggest pseudo-event of the 1960s was the selling of the president 1968. And the *Selling of the President 1968* takes Boorstin's ideas from the library and shows how they were applied to a specific 'job.'

"The response is to the image, not to the man... It's not the man we have to change, but rather the received impression."

Working from this premise, a crack team of advertising craftsmen p.t.barnumed Richard Nixon into the White House. Working from the dull lump of the real Nixon, they fashioned from a stream of electrons a shadow "RN" who blotted out any and all memories of the old original.

They compared him to a Semantic Differential Test, and altered his jokes, complexion, five o'clock shadow, sweat and positions to suit the taste of the electoral majority.

They set up a series of traveling press conferences, complete with applause machines, a surging crowd of well-wishers, and a panel chosen for its bias and "ethnic weight."

They programmed in mistakes when Hubert Humphrey's 'honest campaign' began to cost them potential votes.

They bragged that Richard Nixon would be elected "on what he didn't say."

When the pragmatic politicians, the hard-line, issue-oriented, no-nonsense anti-communists who had led Nixon through the 1950s, moved into control of the campaign at the expense of the image-makers of the 1960s, Richard Nixon's lead dropped to almost nothing. John Mitchell, Strom Thurmond and others had to step back

PILING IT ON

Sometime in December, United Press International announced that it planned to run a full hour of the collected works of Spiro Zero. Broadcast Sunday came and went, but due to a foulup with the tape the show didn't go on. Repeat: not a single station played the tape. Not a one.

Monday morning, UPI received 14,000 letters praising Agnew's speech—the one he never gave. There were no critical letters.

Liberation News Service

[We thought freaks would be the ones to plug into telepathy first.]

until after the election. They may control the monster today, but they had to let the lab boys do their thing in order to gain power for their mutual creation.

Listen to the voices of the men who produced the New Nixon:

He's created an image of himself through cornball sunsets and WASP-y faces and no one remembers what he says. Which is gobbledey-gook anyway, of course. But they do remember "Love" on the helmet. Those images stick...

Nixon has not only developed the use of the platitude, he's raised it to an art form. It's mashed potatoes. It appeals to the lowest common denominator of American taste...

We are made of sugar candy after all. We insulate ourselves by these visions from the reality of Vietnam, from the reality of children starving in Biafra. The commercials are successful because people are able to relate them to their own delightful misconceptions of themselves and their country.

The riot commercial originally ended with a picture of a Negro boy staring into the smoldering ruins of what had been his home. That had to go: for political reasons, they said. They were afraid they'd be accused of trying to stir up sympathy for Negroes who riot.

In the Youth commercial we had hippies who looked like they enjoyed it. That had to come out. We could not give the impression that there was happiness to be found outside the mainstream.

(In response to the question, "How can you work for that fascist bastard?")

I'm a professional. This is a professional job. I was neutral toward Nixon when I started. Now I happen to be for him. But that's not the point. The point is, for the money, I'd do it for almost anybody.

Boorstin and McGinniss, the information and the application. The information on how technology and democracy affect the shape and content of what we know is deep and important. The defining and explaining of pseudo-events is vital to correct those who think the traditional Left (or Right) view of propaganda is the only way to move people. Ripping the mask off Pop Politics forces a confrontation with the ugliness that exists beneath the sixty-second promo and the carefully-formulated special—the lack of respect for the citizenry, the 'professional neutrality' which is nothing more than the white-collar equivalent of being a gun for hire, the partisanship of the (Democratic) Harris and (Republican) Gallup Polls.

PAGE 25 →

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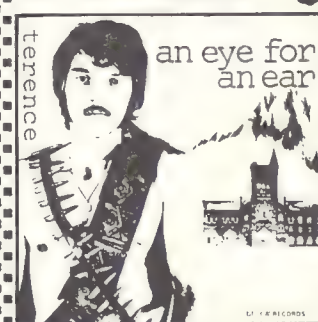
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INCREDIBLE NEW
EXCITEMENT ON
DECCA RECORDS
AND TAPES

But I Can't Dance To It

If the purpose of record reviews is to turn people on to good stuff going down that they might otherwise miss, then this review has no purpose. After buying and listening to half a dozen of the new crop of albums, I couldn't remember a single track of what I'd just heard. Imagine having to write a record review from notes!

The most notable of the new albums is the not-so-new Volunteers album by the Airplane, of which the most notable thing is the lyrics. "Up against the wall, motherfucker" cries Paul Kantner on "We Can Be Together". He also cries such things as: "We are all outlaws in the eyes of America/In order to survive we steal cheat lie forge fuck hide and deal/We are obscene lawless hideous dangerous dirty violent and young". "Volunteers" by Marty Balin is a similar if more simpleminded version of the cry for revolution in the streets, by the young. RCA, it's said, reacted very badly to the lyrics on the album, to the point that they threatened to withhold release until some were changed, especially UAW/MF. Compromise was reached by singing the real words and printing the word 'fred' for 'fuck' on the enclosed worksheet. How ironic! It reads "Up against the wall, fred".

Alas, would that the music were as...uhh...notable as the lyrics. None of the cuts on the album are very original; they all tend to sound somewhat alike, and resemble earlier Airplane material. Somehow, the Airplane's formula is beginning to wear thin, and even the harmonies are wearing a patina of repetition. I found myself picturing the Mamas and Papas doing "We Can Be Together" pretty much the same way that Paul, Marty and Grace do it. The only things that stand out at all are "Good Shepherd" and "Wooden Ships", both pretty tunes, and "The Farm", because of Jerry Garcia's neat steel guitar work.

Another San Francisco group to bear recent fruit is the Steve Miller Band, whose Your Saving Grace comes packed in a cheesy Unipak (the kind that fall apart after the third time you play the record) with the ugliest inner cover ever. The record doesn't make up for it either. Miller too seems to have gotten trapped in a formula—every song sounds like another Steve Miller song. The sound is still heavy and deep, but there's a lack of substance to

the writing. Bassist Lonnie Turner and drummer Tim Davis, both fine musicians, each got to write one cut. Turner's "The Last Wombat in Mecca" sounds like inferior Steve Miller writing, but Davis' title song starts off with a Traffic-ky vocal, and ends with some excellent harmony on the refrain... "your savin' grace"... The only other cut worth mentioning is "Baby's House", 3 minutes of fairly ordinary Miller music, followed by 5 minutes of vintage Nicky Hopkins piano. Working around the central theme, he slides easily from jazz to rock to classical to country.

If Nicky Hopkins is noticeable on the Miller album, he's overpowering on the new Quicksilver "Shady Grove". Hopkins, late of the Jeff Beck Group and Beggars' Banquet, recently became a performing member of QMS, and his effect on the group's sound has been enormous. His effect on the "San Francisco Sound" has, in fact been enormous. Witness that he also appears on 5 cuts of the Volunteers album and 2 or 3 of Your Saving Grace. With Quicksilver, though, the change has been most obvious. Gone is the interplay between Gary Duncan's soft, subtle background texture and John Cipollina's agonized scream of a lead guitar. Cipollina's still there, but subdued; subordinated to the funky rhythms of Hopkins' piano. Not that Hopkins isn't good, but the sound that attracted me to Quicksilver's music is gone, and the resulting isn't as distinctive. Sometimes it sounds like Quicksilver trying to follow Nicky Hopkins'. A couple of the tracks are good, especially "Joseph's Coat" and "3 or 4 Feet From Home", which have that abrupt tempo previously so characteristic of the group. "Too Far" and "Holy Moly" are pleasantly mindful of the Big Pink album, but on the whole, nothing exciting happens on the album.

Jumping the creek, as they say, from SF to England, the Moody Blues have also released a new album, titled To Our Children's Children's Children. At first glance, the album jacket looks like nothing special, until you fold it out. It's two hands painting crude pictures on a cave-wall; the first hand manicured and painting a sequence that leads up to a figure with a gun, the second, after that, covered with pre-historic (or post-historic) hair, beginning the sequence all over again. The whole album seems

built around this central theme of evolution (or possibly devolution) and has the traditional Moody Blues thirty-miles-up-in-the-stratosphere sound. The music is always pleasant, never raucous, but it's so airy that it becomes bland, much like their Threshold of a Dream. For no rational reason, I liked In Search of the Lost Chord, a couple of albums back, but haven't gotten into their technique since then. Again, it's formula, and, again, it turns me off.

I also spent some time listening to the American Metaphysical Circus, by Joe Byrd and the Field Hippies (whatever a field hippie is). Byrd is a serious student of classical composing utilizing electronic instruments, and it shows in his music in a lot of ways. The energy is electronic rather than electric; the muted hum of a computer rather than the bizarre whine of the mad scientists' laboratory. The total effect is less than electrifying. Byrd's rock (as opposed to Byrds' rock) sounds like a stereotyped version of what people who don't know rock hear when they listen to it. Every riff has been done a thousand times before by pick-up bands, and the vocals, especially those done by Susan de Lange (which sound like nouveau-Vicki Carr) are uninspired. The best thing on the album is "The Southwest Arts and Crafts Geriatric Festival." The lyrics of the whole album are pretty clever, but only in this suite do they rise to some sort of decent satire. The piece includes a 90-second spot for a "retirement community" called Leisure World, delivered straight, that equals some of the most abysmal advertising now haunting the airwaves, but in its context, it's got a bizarre humor that I can dig. The whole old-age motif closes with a half-minute of wretched moaning that makes your hair stand on end. I'm glad this record didn't come out 40 years from now, when I'm old.

Looking back at these reviews, I realize that the whole thing sounds pretty depressing. Maybe it's because there's just been so much rock music produced in the last few years, and because I've listened to so much of it, that my (your?) ears are becoming jaded and needful of further and further explorations of the medium. Without innovation, tedium reigns.

Eliot

CHICAGO POOP FESTIVAL

THE FIRST INDOOR ROCK FESTIVAL IN THE WHOLE HISTORY OF GROSSE POINT, MICH.

December 29th and I'm at the Aragon Ballroom, somehow, as always, on a weekday night. It's the First Chicago Pop Festival and I've already missed 7 hours of music. It feels like any other concert, except that the old barn of a ballroom is full. The band up on stage is pumping it out; looks like Bangor Flying Circus — a Chicago band that went West to find a commercially acceptable sound. They play loud and together and manage to sound like any other competent rock band. The audience, though, is sitting still, dead still. Listening quietly to the music, absorbing the sound and feeding back nothing. Quite a thought, of sitting on the floor, unmoving, for 12 hours, watching groups pass like records dropping onto a turntable.

The set ends to moderate applause, and the Stooges begin setting up their equipment. The endlessly pattering technicians seem to be taking forever, and the crowd becomes restless. Restless? Why not; they're sitting in row after row of uncomfortable chairs; at a festival where the only place to walk is to the john or to the exorbitant prices of the snackbar. A festival where there is nothing to do but wait and listen, and wait some more. Is that what Woodstock was about; Waiting?

From nowhere come several huge soggy balloons, thrown to the fidgety crowd by a benevolent promoter — here kids, have some FUN. A few people swat at it disinterestedly, having loads of FUN. Some land unnoticed in corners, abandoned, and

what is abandoned is the FUN, the plastic, hollow, synthetic fun that is bought cut-rate to make a concert into a FESTIVAL. Soon there's only one balloon left, and 10 or 15 kids are batting it around. FESTIVALS are FUN.

The technicians finally finish their endless re-adjusting, and Iggy Stooze enters, dressed only in a pair of jeans, so tight they seem to be squeezing his buttocks like ripe tomatoes about to burst. Coiling and bending his lithe body as he growls into the microphone, rubbint the mikestand between his arched shoulderblades, lips curled back in a perpetual snarl as he slides his hips over the bassplayer's ass in a lewd parody of sexual frenzy; he looks like an incredibly horny version of Mick Jagger on speed. He's convincing; wild-eyes at the mike and the chicks dig him even as the guys in the crowd sit on their hands. A chick in the first row, distinguishable by her outrageously false eyelashes, has been grabbing at Iggy through the whole set. Finally, he looms over her head on the apron of the stage, and, seeing her chance, she slides her hand up his leg and grabs his balls. Iggy throws her hand off with a look of frenzied contempt. He then collapses full-length into the audience and sinks below sight level, still moaning the refrain — "I AM you".

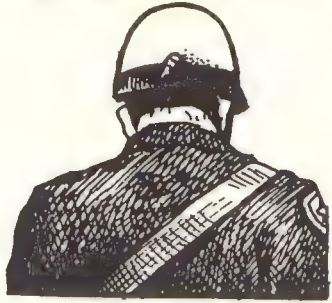
As the set ends, the fidgeting starts again; a walk around the festival "grounds" is in order. People have made encampments in the most uncanny little nooks of the Eastern/Baroque facade surrounding the main floor of the Aragon. There are clusters in the boxes overlooking the stage, and blankets filled

with blank-looking people along all the walls, but no one's very far away from the great mass of people. And no one seems either elated or disappointed about what's going on, they just seem to accept the surroundings, as if it were perfectly natural to be at a rock festival in a rented hall. It's as if everyone was so anxious to be at a real, live rock festival, just like the one in Life magazine, that they don't CARE that it's nothing more than an extended concert. A \$5 admission entitles you to become part of the Woodstock nation...to come to the festival of brotherhood, love and peace. Except that the brotherhood is in cliques because it's not really open enough in this stuffy ballroom to really mix with the crowd; and that the love exists in the glittering eyes of the promoters and concessionaires counting the take. And that the reason there's so much peace is because there's just no room for fighting. There's no room for anything but sitting quietly.

Wandering up behind the stage, I arrive just in time to hear the MC-5 start their act. The MC-5 after withdrawing from that "political" stuff and concentrating on their music. The MC-5 that was the brainchild and creation of John Sinclair when he was free to create a revolutionary theater of electronic energy. The group to whom John wrote, "You only wanted to be bigger than the Beatles and all I wanted was for you to be bigger than Mao Tse-Tung". Their set starts off slow — they don't seem to have the energy level they once had, although they're far more polished performers than before.

20 ➤

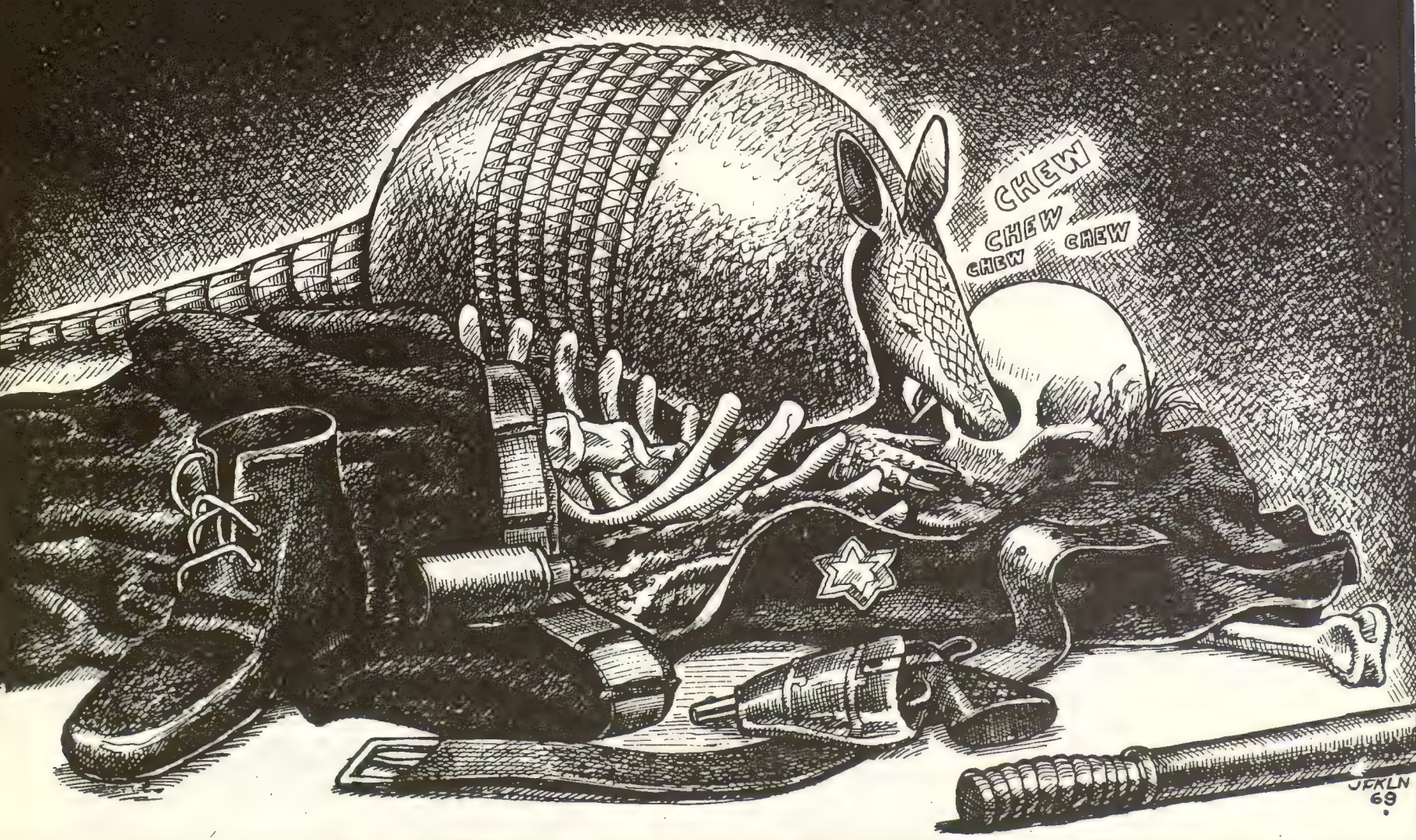
"NEVER BITE OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW!"



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EEEEAAAAAKKKKTCHEEECCH
EEEEOOOTTEEEK
KKKKTCHEEEEE





THE RAG/AUSTIN

DO IT!

FROM PAGE 3

I never understand the radical who comes on TV in a suit and tie. Turn off the sound and he could be the mayor!

The words may be radical, but television is a non-verbal instrument! The way to understand TV is to shut off the sound. No one remembers any words they hear; the mind is a technicolor movie of images, not words.

I've never seen "bad" coverage of a demonstration. It makes no difference what they say about us. The pictures are the story.

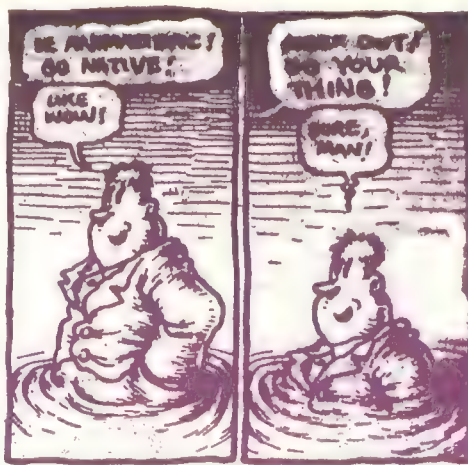
Our power lies in our ability to strike fear in the enemy's heart: so the more the media exaggerate, the better.. When the media start saying nice things about us, we should get worried.

If the yuppies controlled national TV, we could make the Viet Kong and the Black Panthers the heroes of swooning Amerikan middle-aged housewives everywhere within a week.

The movement is too puritanical about the use of the media. After all, Karl Marx never watched television!

You can't be a revolutionary today without a television set—it's as important as a gun!

Every guerrilla must know how to use the terrain of the culture that he is trying to destroy!



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FROM PAGE 8

kid who comes into a high school bathroom, takes a drag or a toke, and then runs to the principal to turn in the bad element of the school.

SCHULTZ: As I walked back to the counsel table, Your Honor, Mr. Rubin was laughing at me and snickering at me, and I pointed to the bathroom. I did this, Your Honor--

RUBIN: He said, 'Go to the bathroom.'

SCHULTZ: Your Honor.

RUBIN: --like it was a victory for you to force us to go to the bathroom.

SCHULTZ: I said that. It was not very professional of me, Your Honor. Apparently, I succumbed a little bit to Mr. Rubin's harassment that started four months ago, a procedure and technique they have been using on authorities and policemen all of their lives. They have been trying it on Your Honor and on Mr. Foran and myself, and I did, I succumbed, and I pointed to the bathroom, and that was improper, and I'm sorry, very sorry that I did that...

KUNSTLER: (William Kunstler, defense attorney) ...I would like to have the record show a motion for a mistrial at this time. Mr. Schultz--

THE COURT: And the record may contain the Court's order denying it, Mr. Kunstler.

KUNSTLER: You haven't even heard my argument.

THE COURT: What did you say?

KUNSTLER: You haven't even heard my argument.

THE COURT: Oh, it has so little basis...

(Len Weinglass, the other defense counsel, opens the afternoon session with a written motion for a mistrial. This time the jury is not in the room.)

WEINGLASS: ...Now, Your Honor, that statement is the basis for the motion for mistrial. The Court, of course, is aware of the fact that if these seven men were on trial for an alleged bank robbery and the prosecution in the course of the trial for that bank robbery referred directly or indirectly to any prior criminal activity in the nature of bank robbery, that would be an automatic ground for a mistrial. Likewise, with these seven men on trial allegedly for inciting to riot, the prosecutor saying in front of the jury--and the jury was in at this time--that these men had all their lives been harassing authorities and policemen has the same effect as the prosecutor in a bank robbery case offering to a jury his own testimony that these men have engaged in such activities before...

The Court, after Mr. Schultz made that statement, neither admonished Mr. Schultz nor directed the jury to disregard that statement. The prejudice is clear. It hasn't been wiped clean. It's in the mind of the jury. I don't think it can at this stage be eliminated...and is an adequate basis in law for a mistrial.

THE COURT: (leaning forward and yelling) Have you finished your presentation?!!

MR. WEINGLASS: I have not.

THE COURT: I asked a serious question of a lawyer, Mr. Marshal. Will you instruct the defendants at the table not to laugh out loud when I ask their lawyer a question. I shall not ask him any further questions, since I seem to provoke mirth every time I speak.

Mr. Marshal, I wish you would watch that.

(The Marshal tells everyone to be quiet. After a discussion about whether or not Bobby Seale can be called as a witness, Schultz addresses himself to the Great Bathroom Incident.

SCHULTZ: Secondly, with regard to the motion for the mistrial as to my statements. Your Honor, since this trial began in September there have been colloquies, one-way colloquies--I guess they're soliloquies in that case--from the defense table to Mr. Foran and myself.

They have been going on on a daily basis. They have been profane, they have been--as I mentioned before, they have related to our religious--that is, my religious convictions (note: Rennie Davis is alleged to have said that Schultz, a Jew, "would have been a prosecutor for the Nazis"), they have related to our morals and they have gone on on a regular basis every single day. Some days they are more intense than others. On occasion I have called them to Your Honor's attention; other times we just let them pass. When they become extraordinary-

ly bad, they are brought to Your Honor's attention, which we have done perhaps a dozen times.

Today, as I walked back to the counsel table--this morning as I walked back Rubin was making additional comments to me and I did as I stated to Your Honor, simply pointed to the bathroom, and then he told me that he was going to do it on me. That is what he said. Then we--instead of going to the bathroom. That was the colloquy. I said nothing.

(The defense table, all the spectators, and half the marshals are laughing.)

THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, will you maintain order, please, at that table!

MR. SCHULTZ: I said nothing, and I sat down and then Mr. Rubin said what he said to Your Honor and I responded, and in my response I made this reference.

THE COURT: Sit up, Mr. Davis. Sit up!

A DEFENDANT: Don't touch him.

THE MARSHAL: Nobody is touching him. You shut up, too, Mr. Dellinger.

MR. DELLINGER: You don't have to say to shut up.

THE MARSHAL: I have been telling you all day.

MR. SCHULTZ: That little colloquy is typical of what has been happening...That is the device that they use, that is the device they use against authorities and they have been trying it on Your Honor for the last three and a half months and have found it very unsuccessful. They succeeded with me momentarily this morning.

Now the comment that I made I think should be stricken. I think it should be stricken. I want to point out, though, for the record that comment was belated, it should have been said perhaps three months ago out of the presence of the jury...I suggest to Your Honor that what you do very simply is when the jury comes in, very simply instruct them to disregard the colloquy...and that we proceed with the trial.

MR. WEINGLASS: ...The Government concedes it was improper, it was wrong, that the jury shouldn't have heard it. But the Government thinks that in spite of all those facts which it concedes, that this jury trial can continue, and I submit that it cannot. This is such a highly improper, such a high prejudicial flagrant disregard of the rules that I don't think this jury, having heard an Asst. United States Attorney proclaim in open court--

THE COURT: Don't reargue it!

MR. WEINGLASS: --that defendants have been engaged--

THE COURT: You said you were going to take a minute to reply. I am ready to decide this motion and to act appropriately.

MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor, if I take a few more minutes longer than the minute, I don't think that--

THE COURT: Don't tell me you are going to take a minute and then take five minutes! I want to move along here!

MR. WEINGLASS: May I make a request for another four minutes?

MR. KUNSTLER: It was exactly a minute and a half.

THE COURT: I don't need your help here, Mr. Kunstler. Your associate is making a motion. When I need your help I will call on you.

MR. KUNSTLER: He wasn't keeping the time, Your Honor.

THE COURT: He didn't call on you for help. He didn't even look at you.

MR. KUNSTLER: I sensed his call somehow.

THE COURT: Sometimes your calls are senseless.

THE MARSHAL: Mr. Hoffman--

THE COURT: The motion of the defendants for a mistrial will be denied and in denying that motion let me say that yesterday I entered an order here forbidding the defendants from going out at their pleasure ostensibly to what has been referred to not infrequently by counsel as--"the bathroom." I have never sat in a case where lawyers mention that word as often. I wonder if you, Mr. Marshal, can keep that man quiet while I am speaking! I am trying to decide his lawyer's motion! Please go to him and tell him to keep quiet!!

THE MARSHAL: Mr. Dellinger--

THE COURT: Let the record show that after I requested the Marshal to keep Mr. Dellinger quiet he laughed right out again out loud. The record may so indicate.

MR. DELLINGER: And he is laughing now, too.

THE MARSHAL: And the defendant Hayden, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Mr. Hayden, also.

MR. KUNSTLER: Oh, Your Honor, there is a certain amount of humor when talking about a bathroom--

THE COURT: Oh, I know that is your favorite reply.

MR. HOFFMAN: I laughed too.

MR. KUNSTLER: But people can't help it sometimes, Your Honor. You have laughed yourself.

THE COURT: I really have come to believe you can't help yourself. I have come to believe it.

MR. KUNSTLER: But that is true. A whole courtroom full of people laugh when I say something and when you say something.

THE COURT: What I am saying is not very funny.

MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but you are so ultra-sensitive to laughter.

THE COURT: Will you sit down and not interrupt the court when a decision is being made?!!

All I ask from you, sir, is simple manners. I don't reach the question of law.

MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but Your Honor, when you make a joke and the courtroom laughs, nobody is thrown out.

THE COURT: Just sit down. I have not made any jokes.

MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but you do from time to time.

THE COURT: I asked you to sit down during the rendering of this decision, sir!!

Let the record show that the defendants--rather, the defendants' counsel, Mr. Kunstler, on two occasions here refused to sit down when the Court directed him to sit down.

MR. KUNSTLER: Oh, that's not fair, Your Honor.

MR. WEINGLASS: He sat down, on both occasions, Your Honor. I must object to that.

MR. KUNSTLER: I sat down on both occasions.

THE COURT: (red with rage) I mean right now, in this decision.

MR. KUNSTLER: I sat down.

THE COURT: You did finally after I urged you.

MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor, that is not a fair characterization.

THE COURT: Will you sit down?!!

MR. WEINGLASS: Mr. Kunstler did sit down both times.

THE COURT: I didn't ask you to stand. I am giving a decision, sir!

MR. WEINGLASS: I think it should be on the record--

THE COURT: I am giving a decision, and if you don't sit down--he has sat down now.

Mr. Marshal, see that Mr. Weinglass remains in his chair while the Court is rendering a decision on this motion made by Mr. Weinglass.

I must go back to where I started.

Yesterday, because it was brought to my attention that the defendants, and several of them, have, when it was thought that they were going to what has been referred to as "the bathroom" in this case, went out into conferences in the hall, to other rooms in the courthouse, even to another courtroom, which is contrary to the order of the Court, and because of that, yesterday I entered an order directing that if the defendants had to make use of toilet facilities, they use the one to my left, over there, where the door is.

This morning Mr. Rubin flagrantly violated the order, got up and started to walk out, and it became necessary for the Marshal to bring him back, and it is more than passing strange that he didn't use the facilities that were offered him by the Court.

MR. RUBIN: I have to go to the bathroom.

THE COURT: Let the record show that Mr. Rubin immediately got up and walked into the facilities that were offered him by the Court.

Oh, I've been through something like this before, but not often, not in the many years on the bench have I seen such circus behavior.

Now that was, as I say, a flagrant violation of the Court's order.

I repeat, I deny the motion for a mistrial, and when the jury comes in, I shall direct the jury to disregard the remarks of Mr. Schultz.

Bring in the jury, Mr. Marshal...

And so it goes. "Teach" Hoffman and his band of stool pigeons, signs of a ship of state foundering on the rocks of its own contradictions. Julius Hoffman's conduct would be pitiful or funny if his power was not so absolute; the Bobby Seale severance shows that each time he calls a defendant's or a lawyer's name can mean three months in jail.

In school it's called detention. In court it's called contempt, which is another way to say preventive detention.

THE COURT will have the last laugh unless he flips out completely and MR. MARSHAL has to drag his screaming, cackling eminence from the top of the desk. Here's hoping we get the chance to yell, "There goes 'the Judge'."

Abe

POOP

They come on very charming, with lots of "thank you very much"-s and "we're so glad to be in Chicago"-s. Finally, they say, "this last number is dedicated to John Sinclair", and wheel into "Kick Out the Jams, Motherfucker." Suddenly, as if imposters had been replaced by the real thing, the old '5' energy is back — raw pulsing energy and the pure motion of real rock 'n' roll; unbound by professionalism or politeness, straight for the gut. Everyone's on their feet, standing on chairs, clapping, screaming, moving as if they were making up for all those hours of idleness by letting everything out NOW. There are even people dancing in the rear of the room. Dancing out all the energy of a festival that never was; a concert that was as far from a festival as Woodstock was from a concert. Energy bound by row after row of chairs and a roof to contain it all.

PG&E follows, but early in their set, I drift towards the stairs and then out, missing what I'm told was a good set, and good sets by a hostile Alice Cooper and down-home Howlin' Wolf. I just stayed long enough to find out whether the energy was there. To find out that the audience could have been more than just an audience; that the concert could have been more than just a concert. That there could have been a festival in Chicago, if the people who had organized had really cared whether the people who paid the \$5 really had a festival.

The whole idea of a festival has become a formula, and spontaneous energy dies in the presence of

a formula. Festivals are gatherings where brothers go about the life-process together. Where they live out a scenario of interdependence orchestrated by a common music. Festivals require breathing space, and the Aragon had none. Festivals require the planning of people who want more than money; whose vision extends beyond rock promotion. A festival of love must be planned with love in mind, not cash receipts. So if the festival was never more than a long, uneven, crowded concert, maybe it's because it was put together by people who had no more than that in mind.

Up on top of the little postcards promoting the festival, it says "Mike Quatro and WLS-FM Present — the first Chicago Pop Festival". WLS had little or nothing to do with the festival; they exchanged air-time plugging the event for the privilege of having their names on the promo material. Mike Quatro is the man who booked and organized and promoted the entire affair. So who then is Mike Quatro?

Mike Quatro is a rock promoter and booking agent in the Detroit area. He was born in Grosse Point, Michigan, one of the wealthiest towns in the US. Grosse Point is where the upper-upper class of Detroit lives; where the Ford family lives; where the people who determine the living conditions in Detroit go home to. Mike Quatro has gotten into rock music and his hair is fashionably long, but he's never left Grosse Point. He and his family live in a \$50,000 house in Grosse Point, and Mike drives around the streets of Grosse Point in one of his Cadillacs, whenever he's not racing sports cars as a hobby, or promoting Pop Festivals.

Mike says he deserves everything he's got; that he's been working for a "comfortable car" since he

was six years old.

Some people disagree. They feel that perhaps Mike doesn't deserve everything he's got; that perhaps he's not just another working stiff whose hard work got him to the top. They feel that Mike's promotion techniques are a bit shoddy. So shoddy, in fact, that he was investigated for fraud for his promo job on the "Black Arts Festival" (Mike just loves festivals) on October 31st at Detroit's Olympia Stadium. It seems that Mike billed a whole bunch of groups that he never booked, and that he advertised that the music would go on until 3 a.m. and only rented the place until 1 a.m.. When the outraged customers almost rioted, the Detroit Police got a chance to come to Mike's festival too.

Mike says, "I'm as against hypocrisy as anybody in the country...I, however, still insist that I have a right to earn whatever money I can with my own abilities, and if someone else is not capable of doing that kind of a job, then that's why they're not making that kind of money."

He also says, "Hype is hype, that's the way you get big a lot of times. If you don't blow your horn you never make it."

Mike wants to get a million dollars, so he can "set up free festivals and get into politics". The Detroit community is still waiting for Mike to make his first million, but somehow, they don't see Mike Quatro's becoming a millionaire as the final solution to any sort of problem. Especially since Mike plans to make his million off people who like to hear rock music, and people who like to go to real festivals, and people who probably don't fit in too well with Mike's view of the world from up there in Grosse Point. People who will learn from experience and abandon the Mike Quatros and make their own festivals long before Mike makes his first million dollars.

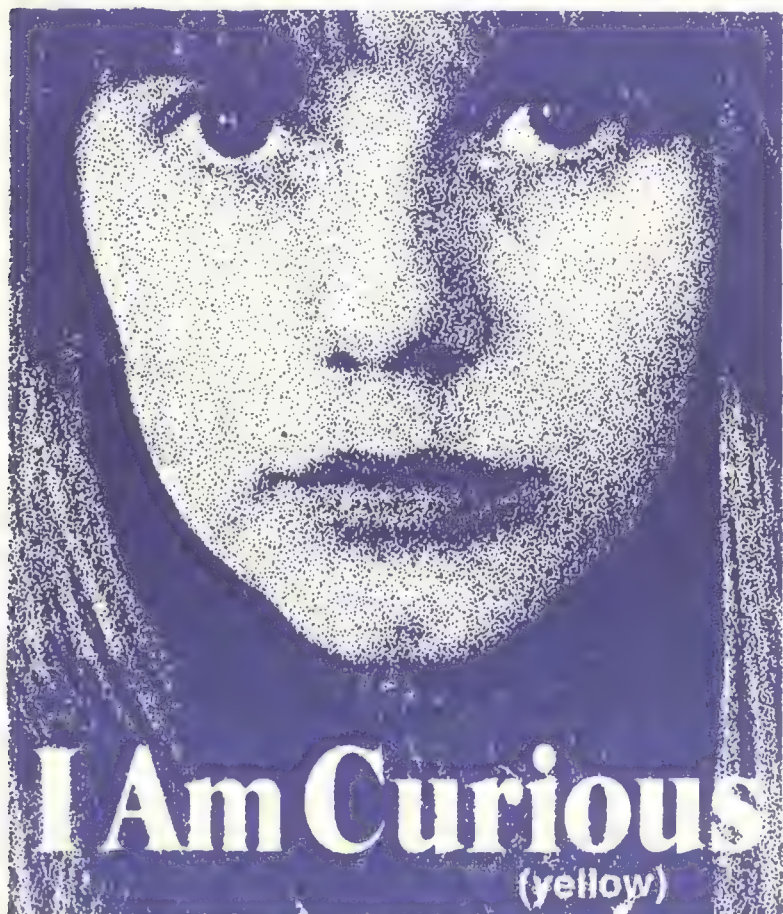
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"Surrealist Films" presented at 8 p.m. on Thursday, January 22 at the Museum of Contemporary Art, 237 E. Ontario St.

Underground movies didn't drift in on a seashell from a barren ocean sometime in the early 60's. The experimental film has a rich tradition that goes back to the invention of the movie camera and is closely tied to the avant-garde movements in the other arts.

The Museum of Contemporary Art has selected five examples of personal film art from the silent era to be screened on January 22. The program will give film buffs valuable historical insight and will expose young film makers to the news that very little is really new.

The similarities between France in the 20's and America from 1957 until today is like a slow-motion replay of the goals of art history. It was a rebellious age during which artists enjoyed spitting in Beauty's eye. The cubist, surrealist and Dada schools of painting cultivated works of art very like our own pop, funk and neo-Dada creations today. In that community, certain forward-looking artists turned to film—the new medium of expression.

Fernand Leger, at 43, was the oldest (the same age as Robert Breer or Ed Emshwiller) and Salvador Dali, at 24, was the youngest (comparable to Andy Meyer or the Kuchar twins.) Some of the artists were very hung up on the sociological changes caused by Freud's teaching (substitute either the drug culture or interest in the occult, today.) Their techniques seemed fresh, but were in fact lifted from the earlier French "trick" films. The artistic/sociological climate is what was different or fresh. The themes on which the artists concentrated were what was new.

There are 83 minutes of silent films scheduled for the program. The pleasure in seeing them should come from discovering historical reference points.

"Entr'acte" was made in 1924 by René Clair. Arthur Knight calls it the "one true masterpiece of Dada." It uses the full range of camera tricks for comic purposes. Like a multi-media show, it was commissioned to be used during the Swedish Ballet company's "Relâche." The name of the ballet translates to "no performance today." The film maker's friends and colleagues comprise the cast. Ballet star, Jan Börlin is accidentally shot in the beginning and pops up again at the end of "Entr'acte." Rolf Mare (the sponsor), Francis Picabia (the



scriptwriter), Erik Satie (a composer), Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray (both film makers and artists) all appear in the film. Free actors are still popular with makers of personal films.

"Ballet Mécanique" (1924) was directed by the French cubist painter Fernand Leger and photographed by an American, Dudley Murphy. It brings the familiar message that society has made man into a robot. The film exhibits some technical imagination. Some images force the viewers' pupils to alternately dilate and contract just as the stroboscopic effects in Conrad's "Flicker" (1965). Scenes are repeated with painful persistence

as in Conner's "Report" (1967).

"Anaemic Cinema" (1926-7) by the French Dada painter/sculptor, Marcel Duchamp, is an early minimalist work of circles and spirals. Breer's "Man and His Dog Out for Air" (1957) is a more accomplished work using only a twisting line.

"Un Chien Andalou" (1928-9), directed by Luis Buñuel, was scripted with the collaboration of surrealist painter Salvador Dali. The two Spaniards are still very active even though Buñuel (now 70) announces that each new movie is his last. This film was a reaction against the over-stressed Freudianism of some of their colleagues. The makers assure us that nothing in this film symbolizes anything. Buñuel's vehement anti-religious manifestos may be compared to some of Kenneth Anger's work. "Un Chien Andalou" is sometimes shown with a musical accompaniment from "Tristan and Isolde" which was selected by Buñuel.

"Les Mystères du Château du de" (1929) by the American painter and photographer Man Ray is reported to be an elegant surrealist teasing game.

* * * * *

These five films represent very productive years in the development of the personal film. After the crash in October 1929, the expensive film medium was practically abandoned by artists. Pickings were so slim it is reported that Man Ray let all American distribution rights to all his films, for all time, go for a flat fee of only \$200. The creative film remained dormant until the threads were picked up in America—first in San Francisco in the 40's. The movement showed another burst of energy in the 50's and reached proportions of a national craze in the 60's. The sudden demise of the French film avant-garde leads me to wonder where we go from here? Will the use of cheap but inflexible Super-8 and 8mm film keep this form of expression alive even if the predicted economic setback comes to the U.S. in the 70's?

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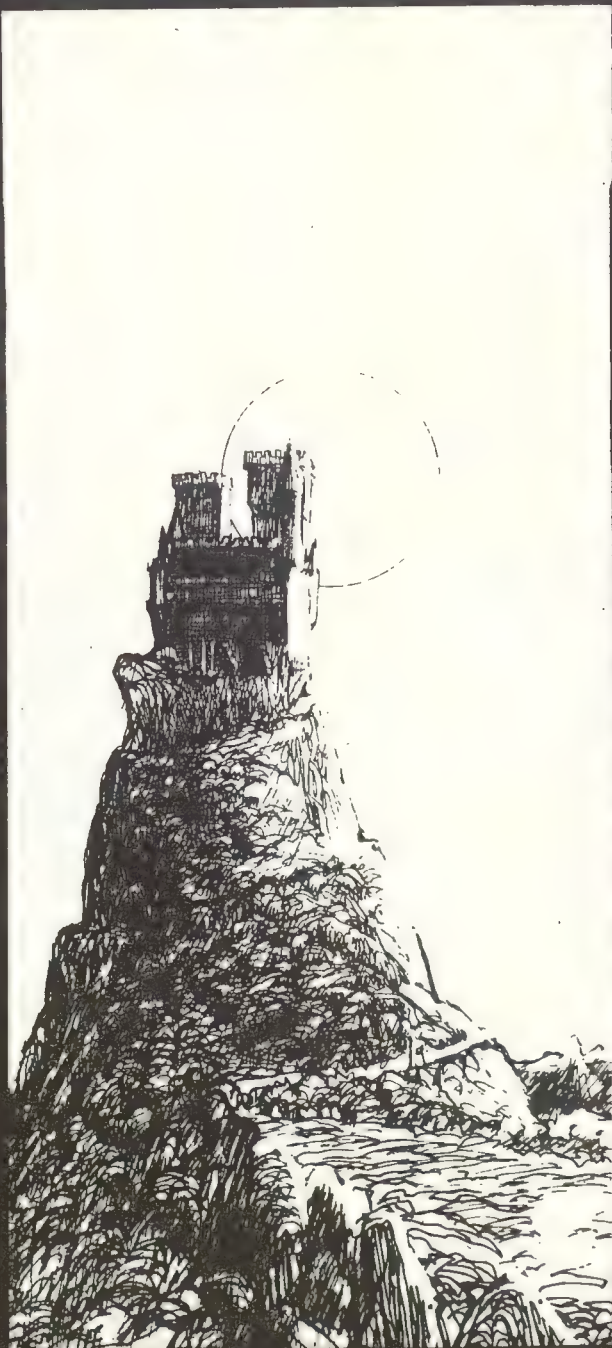
"Z", for its well-constructed thriller plot whether politics turns you on or not; "The Red Beard", because Kurosawa is always interesting; "The Arrangement", to learn why Andrew Sarris valiantly defended it in the face of many pans; "Goodbye, Mr. Chips", in case you have to take your mother to the movies; and "Downhill Racer" for vicarious thrills.

—Camille

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Free Seats to "The Chalk Garden" by Enid Bagnold presented by the Jack & Jill Players 218 S Wabash, Jan 16, 23, 24, 30, 31 at 7:30pm write the Jack & Jill Players at the above address requesting performance, number of tickets & include a self addressed-stamped envelope.

Old Town Players presents 'The Gypsy Baron' by Johann Strauss directed by Frank Cairoli opening Dec 19 for a run of about 5 weeks at 1718 N North Park Call 645-0145 for more information.

Second City 1616 N Wells presents "The Next Generation" Tues thru Thurs 9pm; Fri 9 & 11; Sat 8:30, 11 & 1am; Sun 9. \$2.95-3.95 Improvisations are still only \$1 Call 337-3992 for information

Kingston Mines Theater Co 2356 N Lincoln will present the world premiere of "The Assault Upon Charles Sumner" by Robert Hivnor beginning Jan 9 for a planned run of 10 weeks. Fri & Sat 8:30; Sun 7:30 \$2 For info call 525-9893 Reservations are needed.

The Cafe TOpA 904 W Belmont presents "The Refusal & Waiting" at 8:30 Fri & Sat \$2 Call 549-8618 for more information

Chicago Repertory Theater 315 W North Ave presents Becketts "Endgame" at 8:30 Fri & Sat. 778-9781

Theater Workshops for the Modern Actor's Studio \$1.50 for each weekly session Call 549-1002 for more information.

The Synthetic Theater gives free(donation) performances the 1st & 3rd Sun of each month at 4pm Reservation please, call 332-5924 for info & reservations.

Second City Childrens Theater presents "The Land of the Stage" Sat & Sun 2:30 \$1 at 1616 N Wells Call 337-3992

Imagi is a group of students interested in presenting all forms of artistic endeavor If interested call 969-8287 or 629-0606

Street Theater Workshops at the Wellington Church 615 W Wellington Fri & Sat nite at 8pm and Sun at 2:30 for political minded freaks who want to do their thing in the streets.

Chicago Cosmic Collage meets Mondays & Thursdays at 7:30 at the Halsted Urban Progress Center, 1935 N Halsted. Technicians & interested people are welcome.

New Theater Workshop offers a complete program of progressive theater education for children & teenagers 2360 N Lincoln Ave Call 281-0111 or 549-0594 for info.

TV

'Bird of the Iron Feathers' the nations first continuing TV drama about a black family. Mon Jan 19 at 7:30pm Channel 11. To continue every Mon-Weds-Fri at 7:30 pm.

'A Glimpse of China' at NET JOURNAL documentary report looks behind the Bamboo Curtain, Channel 11, Jan 19 at 8pm (repeated Fri Jan 23 at 9:30pm)

Jan 20, 8pm Georg Solti Chicago Symphony Orchestra director will hold a master class on conducting for 3 gifted young English conductors.

TO SAVE TOMORROW, a 24 hour emergency service for emotional crises focuses on the Singer Zone Center of the Ill Dept. of Mental Health's efforts to help the short-term mentally ill person. Channel 11, Jan 21 at 7pm.

The New York Rock Ensemble perform their Bach-rock music on THE SHOW, Channel 11, Sunday Jan 18 7pm.

ART

CRAFTSHOW--Jan 5-31, 9am-5pm featuring Eileen Knauff's ceramics, Donna Nineberg's hooked rugs, and Richard Wehrman's jewelry at the Arts Lounge, Chgo Illini Union 828 S Wolcott FREE for further information call 663-7781

SPECIAL

Evanston Free Univ is opening in Jan. they need people to teach. For catalogue or more info write or call Ron Freund 804 Washington St, Evanston, 328-8769 or Gigi at 869-9597

The Cryonics Society of Ill (People against Death) is now having irregular meetings in Chicago Call Lucille Doty at 468-0462 for more information

The College of Complexes presents guest speakers every Sat night at 9pm cost is only \$1 The College is located at 105 W Grand Ave. Call MO 4-4440 for more information

The Adler Planetarium Sky Show is closed for Jan and Feb due to remodeling of the Theater. Shows will start again March 2.

FLICKS

Carnegie 1026 N Rush "Downhill Racer" Call 944-2966 for times

Esquire 58 E Oak "Easy Rider" Call 337-1117 for times

CINEMATHEQUE '70 is presented by the Chgo Illini Union & the Center Cinema Coop at the Illini Union 828 S Wolcott Call 663-7780 or 644-6824

Jan 16 Ron Namath & his Films
Jan 30 Films by Kenneth Anger, The Complete Magic Lantern Cycle, 6 films including 'Scorpio Rising' "Fireworks" & "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome"
Feb 13 Peter Kubelka & his films. Austrian filmmaker discusses his 'Basic Principles of Cinema' and will show 'Mosaik' im Vertrauen "Adebar" "Schwechater" "Arnulf Rainer" & "Unsere Afrikaneise"

25th Chigao International Exhibition of Nature Photography. Jan 31-Feb 22 in the South Lounge of the Field Museum. On Feb 1 award-winning transparencies will be shown free at 2:30 in the James Simpson Theater (to be repeated Feb 8)

Eskimo Masks: The World of the Tareumiut, a temporary exhibit of wooden masks carved by the aboriginal people of Point Hope, Alaska. Jan to March 1 in Hall 9 Gallery Field Museum FREE

Field Museum's 75th Anniversary Exhibit. Free for an indefinite period in Hall 3 Features choice items from the museum's vast collections.

COMMUNITY

FREE FEED at the Grace Lutheran Church 555 W Belden every Weds at 6pm

The Ranch Triangle is an organization fighting proposed plans for urban renewal in the Halsted/Armitage Community. The proposed plans DO NOT include plans for low & moderate rent housing. If you want to help call 248-3886.

If you want to do something about all that shit floating around in the air contact Citizens Revolt Against Pollution (CRAP) at new number 463-0308

People Against Racism is working for the Conspiracy if you want ot help call 243-2205 or 583-2992

SCLS(Operation Breadbasket) has a free breakfast program every morning Mon-Fri 7-10am at St Anna Church 55th & LaSalle Sts and also at Christ the King Lutheran Church 3700 Lake Park. If you want to help call Mrs Bell at 723-2226

ACLU needs office volunteers during the day. Call 236-5564 or stop in at 6 S Clark

CONTINUING

An introduction to OASIS, Midwest Center for Human Potential, 1st Sunday of each month, 2pm, 1439 S Michigan, \$2 students 1/2 price. Tapes from Easlen, sensory awareness & encounter experiences.

Social Encounter: with sensory awareness & interpersonal relationship experiences every Weds 7:30-10pm at The Center, 140 N State St \$3.50 Call 641-5695

Stev&Nans coffee house 10708 W 71st St in LaGrange open every day from 9am featuring Nans famous spaghetti

SUNDAY sings at the Old Town School of Folk Music 909 W Armitage. Special guest featured weekly FREE call 525-7472 for more info.

FRIDAYS Central YMCA holds social dances 9 to midnite at Farwell Hall 19 S La Salle Open to the public Cost is 75cents

WEDNESDAY free lectures given at the Loop Scientology Center. Write for free tickets to Wm J Emas 2439 S Ridgeway Chicago Illinois 60623

WEDNESDAY street theater workshops at the Wellington Church, 615 W Wellington at 8pm.

WEEKENDS Harper Theater Coffee House Revue of improvisation & satire by the New Old Fashioned Players every Fri & Sat nite 9-1am. Folk, bluegrass & balladeers are also featured.

WEEKENDS Gejas Wine & Cheese Cafe features Tomas, flamenco guitarist on Fri & Sat nites 1248 N Wells 9:30 to 1:30 \$1 Cover charge.

Myopia Coffee House Weds, theater & poetry, movies; Fri-Sat all types of musical entertainment \$1.50 males, females \$1 Coffe, tea, cider, pastries served. 8pm, 8344 Niles Center Road

TUESDAYS discussions at The Door 3124 N Broadway. Also occasional poetry readings, chess, cards provided. Now open every night.

Cafe Pergolesi 3404 N Halsted, coffee-house, bridge, chess, local artists gallery, baroque music. Nightly 6-12 Sat & Sun til 1am No cover No minimum

Broken Wall Coffee House discussions speakers, special presentations 5203 N Kimbal Nightly 8-11 Fri & Sat 8:30-12 Closed Mondays

Earl of Old Town features live folk music nightly, 1615 N Wells, 9-4am

IT'S HERE 6455 N Sheridan Road Coffee House featuring folk singers & satirists Daily 8-1am: fri & Sat til 2am Cost is \$2.50

ALI COFFEE HOUSE folksinging Fri & Sat nites, Weds Hootenany nit. Nightly from 7:30 Closed Mon; Weds cost 75 cents, Fri & Sat \$1. 4315 W 63rd Call 767-7154 for more info.

RAHAB's coffee house, 1649 N Wells coffee, cider, chocolate, music, discussion, poetry. Only 50 cents

9th Way Coffee House 116 S Michigan Rm 1108, 8pm Fridays

The Oxymoron at the First Chnrch of Lombard, Main & Maple features food drink, music, discussion & people Weds & Fri 8:30 to 11:30 Cost is 50 cents

Chicago Catholic Worker has regular Fri nite discussions at 1024 W Armitage, 2nd floor front at 8pm.

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NOOZ FROM YIPPIE!

Here are some hints, tips and warnings about surviving the winter days in Chicago, compiled from the extensive files of Yippie!

FOOD — The Grace Lutheran Church, 555 West Belden, is once again offering their free-meals to the streetpeople. The feeds take place on Thursday evenings at 7:30. Call LI 9-1002 for more information.

Free coffee is available every day to Loop streetwalkers at Christ the King Lutheran Church at Plymouth Court and Jackson. Plymouth Court is located between State and Dearborn streets.

Yippie! has been informed that food is being stolen from the 2nd floor Federal Building cafeteria and the National Cafeteria at Clark and Van Buren. Because these cafeterias usually have very long lines, the thieves have been eating their meals in line, so that by the time they get to the cashier their meal is finished. This action is of course illegal and frowned upon.

RUNAWAYS — The Grace Lutheran Church will house you and give you counsel. Great place. No hassles.

CLOTHES — The Seed office, 2551 N. Halsted, has some free clothes. Free clothes for families in the Lincoln Park area are available at the Concerned Citizens Survival Front at 2512 N. Lincoln.

YIPPIE! has been asked to cooperate with the downtown department stores in reducing the dastardly shoplifting that has been taking place there. So-called "shoppers" have been practicing the following ruse: a shopper grabs a shirt and a pair of pants and goes into the dressing room. He or she puts the shirt on and returns the pants to the salesman, telling him they don't fit. The shopper wears the shirt out of the store. Shoplifters have practiced this illegal game with all other articles of clothing. YIPPIE! suggests that if you see anybody involved in this type of nefarious activity to report it to the proper authorities.

MONEY — Sell the Seed. Quantity prices are 20 cents a paper. They sell for thirty-five cents.

Rent money can be raised at day-labor halls. You work from about 6 a.m. to 4 p.m. at factories or docks. One day-labor agency is Ready-Men, with offices at 1410 West 63rd, 4510 N. Broadway, 1063 W. Argyle and 502 N. Milwaukee.

Many people in Chicago have had it with the outrageous CTA fares. Some people are beating the fares by jumping over el and subway turnstiles and running like hell. Others are entering crowded busses through the back exit door. Still others, it is reported, are having high school friends buy half-fare cards for them on February 3rd when CTA representatives go to the schools to sell one dollar half-fare passes.

FOOD — Corner grocery stores and some chain-stores usually have over-ripened fruit and dented cans which they will sell for almost nothing. The wholesale market at South Water Market and Randolph is good for low-priced vegetables which drop in price as closing time approaches.

CURFEW LAWS — Achtung! City of Chicago ordinances state that "children 17 and under must be off the streets by 10:30 Sunday through Thursday, and 11:30 on Friday and Saturday. Those of us between 17 and 18 get a half-hour extra.

Since the old folks can't be too safe, the state of Illinois also has a curfew law to protect them. This one calls for everyone under 18 to disappear by 11:30.

The curfew laws are another device used to stifle the youth culture. America's dinosaurs are afraid of losing something they've already lost—their children.

Recent episodes indicate the Servers and Protectors take these laws seriously. Ten kids were busted recently while waiting in line outside of the Federal Building to observe the Conspiracy trial. Imagine—people arrested for taking an interest in the courts that their parents tout as being the best the system has to offer. Other favorite curfew bust spots are the rock concert halls and anywhere on Wells street.

The Los Angeles Free Press recently ran a page one story headlined "New Youth Party Formed." Many of us were interested in hearing about it, but were surprised to learn that it was our very own YIP which was being ballyhooed all over the West Coast. It should be understood RIGHT NOW that we are just beginning to get things together. Nothing will get done unless you people write to us about your skills, needs, area, etc. We have some money, a good deal of talent, and lots of desire to build a better planet, but projects need more than headlines to make them happen.

Please help to avoid another disappointing hype. Write to us c/o

YIPPIE! c/o CONSPIRACY 28 EAST JACKSON BLVD CHICAGO, ILL. 60606



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SEED SOCIETY PAGE

Revolutionary High Society in Chicago capped off a whirlwind holiday season with the gala wedding of sister Stormy and brother Michael. The much-looked-forward-to event was one of the most exciting ever to grace the Windy City scene. All those in attendance agreed that brother Michael was debonair as ever in his casual leather jacket and blue striped trou, while sister Stormy was stunning in short white dress. Surprise show-stealer the bridesmaid, sister Lisa, who wore a sensuous black leather jacket, casual skirt, and a stunning Brown- ing 12-gauge automatic shotgun. Brother Wonder Warthog was the master of ceremonies, causing a titter of excitement to run through the crowd when he appeared in his flowing floor-length black robe with a twelve-inch collar. The ceremony was short and to the point, anyone could see that the crowd could hardly wait to get themselves totally ripped.

This reporter got only glimpses of the high-society types present, but we noticed dignitaries from the Corps, the Young Lords, the C&D's, the 87th & Wood boys, the Southwest Side, the Panther Party, the Weathermen. The evening was summed up by a celebrant, who, pitching his beer can aloft, yelled, "Whooo-eee!! We are the HIGH Society!"



Born to Mary Lou Hendrickson, noted local poet, and Hart McNee, just returned from a much-acclaimed tour of California with his band; a seven-pound, fourteen-ounce baby boy.

Jeannie Zumski and Bruce Pohlman were married Monday night, January 5 at their home by Bernie Cobb Farber. The ceremonies were marked by a reading from V.I. Lenin and the happy couple recited their 'I Do's' to the words of the marriage law of the People's Republic of China --- promising to love and assist each other, engage in productive work, together care for their children and to work jointly for the welfare of the family and the creation of hte new society. About 50-70 friends and movement people joined in the celebration.

FEEDBACK

Dear Seed:

Eldridge Cleaver is a law & order pig. He says we have to accelerate the slaughter of the pigs to stop the slaughter of the people. Wrong! That's no different from what Gagnew and Mitchell & Kleendeist and the rest of the system-saver-saviors are saying. They want to put us all in concentration camps — or in graves. Their rodent mentality tells them that will solve everything. Like the only good Indian is a dead Indian. Or a dead VC or dead Jew. Or dead Pig. And it's no less rodent mentality coming from Eldridge Cleaver who should know better. Dead Fred isn't going to stop the revolution. And dead pigs won't stop it either.

Broken windows don't put me uptight, even though I have some serious doubts about the Weatherman stunt in October. It didn't paralyze anything, except the revolutionaries who may land in jail — NOT WHERE REVOLUTIONARIES BELONG. But anyone who hates the system I hate deserves my respect, I figure. Tactics are a personal matter.

But I do get uptight when a leader who either had to cut out of the country or get killed by the pigs comes up with some shit about dead pigs being desirable, and some dumb reasoning about use of inferior weapons where superior ones are available. I'm all for overthrowing the system by any means possible, but planned, offensive offing of pigs with iron pipes and guns, isn't one of the possible means. Killer pigs are killer pigs whether they wear blue cop uniforms or blue jeans or black berets. And substituting one for the other isn't my idea of overthrowing the system. Besides, it won't work. When I read stuff like that — rhetoric that plays straight man for the enemy — I get so frustrated I want to cry.

Alison Edwards

Dear Seed:

It is quite plain from your news stories and editorial comments that you are fervently anti-establishment. Good for you.

What you may fail to realize, or if you do you fail to publicly acknowledge, is there that there many within the Establishment that are in complete sympathy with you and what you are saying and doing. I could not begin to tell you of the arguments that I have started at parties by defending the youth of the country, the moratoriums, the marches and the Chicago 8. You are asking questions to which there should be an answer, and we, who represent the Establishment as you call it, don't have them. They are questions that should be asked, and there should be answers. So you are right and the Establishment is wrong in either ignoring you or in not giving you the answers. You are being handed a society in a pretty crummy state, and you would be amiss if you didn't complain as you are doing.

But don't totally despair; you do have strong support within the Establishment, and those of us who are in complete empathy with you want you to know there is work going on inside as well as what you are doing outside to bring some order to the world.

I read every issue of Seed; my teen-age son buys it, and if he didn't, I would.

Sincerely,
Phil

Dear Armando,
I've just read your review of Sundance & the Bunch & am glad it is on an uncolored page so that I could read it. How do you expect anyone to read a page like 15 - 4&5 are bad enough but that color on 15 makes it impossible.

You have a good "punch" in your writing, giving credit to the "angles". I hope you do more reviews - I think you can use words well.

I hope you are keeping warm - perhaps you'd like to use the enclosed \$ for some "woolies"? and much love, as always, dear Armando,

from Grandma

P.S. - Do come out to the house as often as you can- we all want to hear about what you're doing.

IMAGE

← 14

Yet there are shortcomings on both books. Boorstin knows America is sick. He even knows that the epidemic disease is consumption, the consumption that comes from receiving experience and never living it. But he makes no effort to reshape the experience-shapers. He calls on the atomized receiver to cast off illusion without making any proposals about altering the nature of the magic theater. There is no mention of decentralized TV, low-wattage community radio, pirate stations, cable broadcasts, community control of programming, or other modes of information dispersal. As a middle-of-the-road academic who decried "The New Barbarians" in the pages of Esquire last year, Boorstin may feel too threatened by the hallucination which reality has become and the methods of those who intimately know the nature of hallucinations to suggest how the problem might be solved. Restricting his attention to the perceiver makes him the ironic victim of the very passivity he opposes.

McGinniss quotes from The Image quite often, but misses a chance to emphasize how people enjoy knowing the nature of the process. Many readers may finish The Selling of the President 1968 and congratulate a team of great hustlers rather than condemn a band of media charlatans. They may praise the author for letting them in on the little secrets needed to make them "experts" by proxy instead of crediting him with a fine job of muck-raking. They may consume the book without ever acting on what it reveals.

Like the man said, there's one born every minute.

The preceding pseudo-event was brought to you by Abe Peck.

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9 Let It Bleed

sel with Big Brother in 1968. They were rough. They are rough people. But within bounds. And I thought they did a good job.

Ahead of time, I think it seemed quite reasonable for them to be Security at Altamont. I figure it this way: Everybody was busy with negotiations and carpentry, and somebody said What about Security? And somebody else said, Call the Angels. And everybody said Yeh, great, well that's one problem taken care of. And that was it.

At the concert proper there was an air of frustration, nerves and tension from the start. It had nothing to do with the Angels. A lot of people were passing out free drugs. It's wrong to give out free heavy drugs at a crowd. It simply is wrong. People who do it should be stopped. Because it's so tempting. If someone would have laid acid on me at the beginning. I would have taken it.

Why is it wrong? Because the situation is too crowded. You can't move your body. And you can't move your mind. And when heavy things happen, like fights, it starts a current going in everyone. Also the younger a person is, the more likely he or she is to take the drug as a festive gesture, and the less likely he or she is to be able to maintain. In short, it increases the chances of bad trips. And that is wrong.

The bad vibes of the situation got to the Angels. Well, no, that's unfair. They got to all of us, but the Angels were supposed to be the Force of the moment, so they soaked up the bad vibes and got upset easily. If you want to blame somebody, you can blame them. But if you do, you are lying. It's false to blame them for beating people up. Because we know all that about them ahead of time. That's why we ask them to "keep peace," because they are tough and they can fight. We expect that of them.

But when the situation got tough and weird, then suddenly we as a crowd expected them to fall in with our version of how things should be done. Well, life doesn't work that way. We gave them authority. When you give someone authority, it's because you are unwilling to do it yourself. And when you give someone authority, they carry it out their way, not yours. That's fair, after all. They were asked to do the dirty job so the rest of us could lay back and be joyful and irresponsible.

As we do so often. Don't we, boys and girls? I want to make that clear about the Angels

because although I don't think that in the future we should plan on using them as security, I do want them there as people, as themselves. Because they are our brothers. If we can't cope with them, if we try to cut them out, it's just more racism.

So how should such matters as security be handled? Well, where are all those monitors we always see at "peace" marches? Or how about using the Mime Troupe as monitors? Or SDS Weathermen? Or some of us opinion givers? I would like to help.

The Problem has two aspects. First, how do you handle the big bruiser who goes wild? For him, you need Rent-a-Cops. And you need someone to make it very clear ahead of time to the Rent-a-Cops how you want things handled.

Second, how do you keep the ordinary person from doing stupid things, climbing on towers, freaking out, etc.? To begin with, we need a bunch of doctors ahead of time. And we need a bunch of Calmers to function like Hog Farm did at Woodstock, to quiet people down in all ways, and to act as an example. The best thing to help someone through a bad trip is kindness and warmth. That needs to be there not only in time of disaster, but ahead of time. . .through the brown rice food trip, which serves to remind everyone. . .through decorations, through a good MC. Good Karma.

All this takes planning, and planning takes time. There is no instant anything. Next time someone wants to do a big concert with that little preparation, tell them No. Don't be so eager to score.

The San Francisco situation has changed in every way. There is no big atmosphere of good vibes left that anyone can depend on in crisis. The original crowd warmers like Kesey have faded away. The Family Dog doesn't generate the affirmative energy it once did. Underground rock radio is ridiculous crap. Bill Graham is a quantity man. He brings you a show and takes your money. Good business. He doesn't know anything about karma and vibes and all that hippie nonsense which never did anything for anybody, except of course that it was the spiritual basis for this whole scene.

Now that's all gone. San Francisco has been bled dry like the Haight was. At the same time, the crowd is growing. The unredeemed teenage masses of Orinda are coming in. There's more at the door. They are horny, they can't get no satisfaction. They

want it for free. They don't want the long march. Only the scenic views and the rest stops.

So. . .the exploiters move in to make money off giving you freedom. It turns out that Woodstock didn't lose money. There's a lot to be made with the movie. Same for Altamont.

All you groovies who are saying that politics is dead, look around you, and within you: there's a lot more dead and dying than you realize. And forget the slogan about how rock music is revolution. It ain't so. Revolution is change, and it's based on people. Huge amounts of them. And the huge amounts haven't learned anything yet. If you really like the slogan that music is revolution, try it out on the Panthers. Go tell Bobby Seale that Aretha is where it's at.

It's reality check time in the old west.

Yeah, and what about the Stones? Ah yes, speaking of theatre. Violence and frustration. Jagger pulled off his belt during Midnight Rambler and began hitting the stage with it. As in, You heard about the Boston-Whap! It's the same as Pete Seeger with that axe. But not on the surface. And mass crowds relate to surface.

Blow Up. Off the Pigs. I think the time has come for violent revolution. But where I live the game to play is compromise solution.

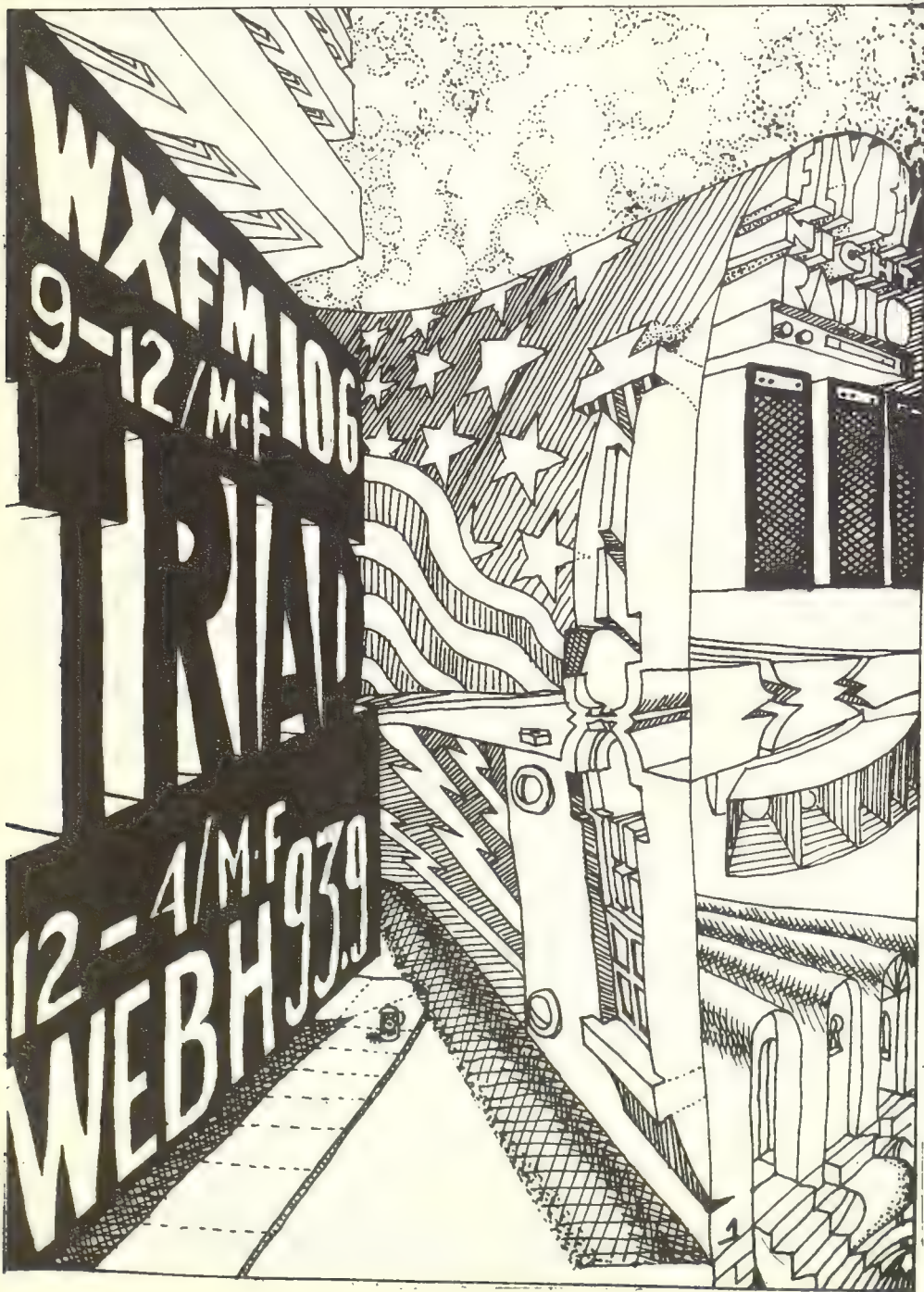
So the Stones loot the United States and sing violent songs. People say Why don't you sing for free? So they do. They protract the arrangements for the concert the same way they draw out their set, aiming for peak frustration. You think you're a bunch of flower children, you fucking American fascist creeps. Look how disgusting you are. Mind fuck. Pleased to introduce myself, hope you catch my name. If you don't like it, set up a democratic heaven and keep the Stones out.

Gleason asks, "Are Mick Jagger, Sam Cutler, Emmitt Grogan and Rock Scully any less guilty of that black man's death than Sheriff Madigan is of the death of James Rector?"

The answer is Yes they are far less guilty. Madigan gave guns and birdshot and buckshot to his men and told them to go shoot some people. That is not the same as getting the Hells Angels to be security at a concert.

Lastly, the word Security is Disgusting.

Reprinted from Good Times



Cute little black dog, 16 weeks old, has had distemper shots, wants a good home. Call 549-6511 after 3pm

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Love ya JONI(Debbie), Laura, even if your friends bratty and kathy think I'm dorky Dan(That's a good one) How's Sheryl T?

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Dylan Krassner Interview

(I had originally intended to use this interview for the tenth annual edition of *The Realist*, but after eleven years of *The Realist*, I don't think there is going to be a tenth annual edition. When I started, there was a gap in journalism big enough for a dozen magazines, but now with everything from *Playboy* to *Life* advocating liberalized abortion laws and the Surgeon General saying he'd rather have his daughter on pot than bourbon, I don't think even one is necessary. Who put the *Real* in the *Realist*-a-list-a-list? Besides, I'm tired. So I've decided to give up the editing business and work on my novel (you should have guessed) and possibly take up banjo. Sic Transit Euphoria, Grundy. Besides, I'm not sure I'd want this particular interview in my magazine-- better to leave the regular subscriber's image of me intact. Since this interview originally took place in Walter Bowart's apartment, using his tape recorder, and since he went to all the trouble of arranging it (it's easier for Ian Paisley to get an audience with the Pope than for anybody to get hold of Dylan) I've decided to let him print it. Which is why I'm in the OTHER.)

K: I'm not sure what to say...I feel as if I was about to suck off an elephant or something. What's a good interviewer question?

D: Well, they usually start off with my health and then ask questions about, that until they're tired, and then they go home. They seem to get tired faster lately, I don't know-- maybe they're worried about their health... because there's a lot of it going around lately...A lot of health. Most of it bad...

K: Their mental health?

D: Well, you know, they're connected. Your health and mine are too, during this interview at least. I don't know about afterward, but during this interview your mind effects...my body.

K: Why not the other way around. Your mind and my body?

D: I don't know, man, I just didn't think it was important...now if we were in love or something...

K: (laughter) Yeah, I can imagine the children...

D: There wouldn't have to be any children, unless you're a Catholic or something... unless you believe in something and you don't, do you? Believe in something?

K: Oh, I suppose everybody has to believe in something. I'm not a Catholic though-- just the opposite. I burn crucifixes in Italian neighborhoods every Easter.

D: Just the opposite-- what does the opposite of a Catholic believe in? You said everybody had to believe in something, what makes you the opposite of a Catholic?

K: Burning crucifixes. And Lenny Bruce. You know this is strange-- people don't put me on very often. It's usually the other way around.

D: Well, if you'd just let whichever end's in front come in first... you keep trying to change the ends around. I'm not putting you on really.

K: Well then, what are you doing, really.

D: I'm not doing anything-- I'm just making a joke. You don't mind if I make a joke, do you?

K: No, but if the person you're talking to isn't part of the joke, it's a put-on.

D: Y'know, Paul, I just make the jokes, if you don't want to be part of it, that's up to you. I want you to be part of it, I want to include everybody in everything I'm doing. Besides, maybe the tape recorder understands it. Maybe the people who read this will think it's funny. You don't know.

K: Do you expect people to understand your songs, or are you putting the people who buy your records on?

D: Do you understand them? I mean, let's turn it around...

K: Ah ha!

D: You shouldn't interrupt...

K: But you were turning what I said around.

D: Still, you shouldn't interrupt.

K: I think I understand your songs as well as you understand my writings-- I mean there are always private jokes.

D: I don't care about your fucking writings, man, I don't read writings! Writings interrupt people-- they interrupt

people's natural thoughts and make them stupid. I sing and study karate and don't have time to read.

K: The man who wrote *Blowing In The Wind* studies karate-- wow! Why?

D: Why what? Study karate? Because I don't like to have people interrupt my thoughts. If you don't read, you got to remember a long time before your thoughts turn into a song. I have to live with my thoughts. You can't interrupt a writer-- he's always used up whatever he was thinking about anyway, but if you interrupt a song, you kill it. Some people go to concerts just to cough. Some people hang around T.B. wards, when they got a deadline or something...

K: I heard a tape of an interview you did with Pete Seeger, where you said you'd written a bunch of songs the night before, but you'd lost the paper you'd written them on and couldn't remember how they went. So you must have been a writer at one time. Why did you stop writing?

D: I never heard that tape, man. I once had an interviewer who asked me all about Peter, Paul & Mary. He said he'd read a Peter, Paul & Mary record jacket I'd written. I never read any of their liner notes, man, or any Roy Acuff liner notes either. That tape isn't important to me.

K: And I never drink milk.

D: What? (laughter) You're an incredible motherfucker, you know? Incredible! I don't believe you.

K: You don't really? I feel like The Thin Man...

D: Well, you got to do your own feeling. Keep that in mind when you go to bed at night, and you won't fall off the top bunk getting a drink of water. Everybody has to feel for themselves.

K: In *Don't Look Back* you have your manager with you, and there is a scene where he and some other businessman are working out a deal, very tense, a financial chess game. How do you get along with businessmen?

D: Oh, I get along fine with business men-- they don't go around trying to get put down. Hippies are always trying to slip their beards in a revolving door just before you push it, but businessmen got a certain thing they want from you. That's all they want, and it's very clean and honest. Yeah, I get along fine with businessmen.

K: How are they to work with compared to radicals-- you used to spend time around the Movement scene, SNCC and Broadside...

D: Well, they want something too, but they want a bigger piece. There were a lot of people just like Albert (Grossman, Dylan's manager) but they weren't as modest. Albert is really very modest-- I imagine H.L. Hunt is very modest too, when he's talking about oil wells. Money limits greed, otherwise it extends to everything.

K: That's a curious idea-- money saves us from greed. I'd always...

D: Thought it was the other way around. You don't ride a motorcycle, do you?

K: No, I don't even drive.

D: You try changing which end of a motorcycle is front and which is back at sixty miles an hour, and you got to type with your toes for a year.

K: You're stretching a little-- sometimes it must be a little hard to be Bob Dylan...

D: Not really-- Bob Dylan stretches a little. He's made out of crepe paper and neon and there are all these Jews trying to grab a piece.

K: That sounds anti-semitic to me.

D: I'm a Jew. You're a Jew. So's Albert. And Irwin Silber. So are the Beatles, but nobody knows it. Everybody's stretching. The thing about Jews isn't that they grab-- everybody does-- it's what they grab. Most of the really modest people in the world are Jews, except for Jewish musicians who aren't really modest or really Jews either.

K: Would you say they were Calvinists?

D: What's that? (laughter)

K: Oh... Presbyterians. (laughter)

D: No, I don't know too many Presbyterian musicians. Maybe Charlie Pride is Presbyterian, but I don't think

so...(no laughter).

K: Your songs seem to have become less personal somehow-- on something like *Corinna Corinna* or *One Too Many Mornings* I was always conscious of the personality of the singer, but on *Lay, Lady Lay*, I just hear the song. You don't change inflection much in any given song.

D: Well, yeah.

K: Is that all you have to say?

D: Yeah.

K: You don't like being interviewed, do you?

D: Well, I don't mind, actually, it's recreational. But it's not like playing music-- do you play or sing or anything?

K: I just make love. And write sometimes, but sometimes when I'm in bed with a woman, it's very musical. Do you think of sex as musical?

D: Not really-- sex is more like words, but you have to be a musician to appreciate that. You scheme and plot a thousand times as much with a woman you really love than a song-- even if you hate the song. I bet you first said that thing about music to a woman, right?

K: I guess so, but because it was true...

D: But it's only true because you aren't a musician. If you were, it would be different. It's like a eunuch comparing intrigue to love-- it's true, but what he's thinking still isn't the way it is.

K: I feel like I used to feel before I'd taken acid, there's this big secret that I don't know and everybody says I can't understand how important it is...

D: Yeah, but acid isn't like anything else, so it's useless-- it's inapplicable. Music goes everywhere.

K: Even into a cunt?

D: If that's where you want to put it, that's where it will go. There are songs about death and whiskey and whores and even politics, though some of those aren't real songs. Some of them are, *Payday* on *Cold Creek* and *Satisfaction* are songs about politics.

K: Is *Wicked Messenger* about you when you were involved in politics?

D: No, it's about stupid fucking Jews I have known. The really stupid ones, stupid in a way that you couldn't see in a million years... really dumb! Hey, you're starting to effect my body, you know that?

K: You're right, they're connected.

D: It's all right though, I can afford a doctor, and you can afford a doctor...

K: Or an abortionist...

D: Or an abortionist.

K: Speaking of afford, what do you do with the money you make from records and concerts?

D: I really don't know. Some of it goes in the bank and some of it just goes, I don't ever really count it.

K: Did you ever think of doing something strange with it-- like putting up a billboard saying "Radium gives your baby strong bones," or even "Whaaat?"

D: What for?

K: Maybe it would change something.

D: Naaw-- I do all that stuff in my songs, and what does that change?

K: The shape of American society-- the lives of millions of kids.

D: As long as you can connect what millions of people are doing to a song, the song hasn't really gotten across.

K: Which song?

D: Any song. You can't live a song or a billboard. It doesn't give anything but itself-- it's a finger pointing, not a place to live in.

K: Don't you feel your music implies a responsibility?

D: But my songs don't take any responsibility-- they don't care what people do with them. How can I? You write a song to do one thing, and it does another, and so you write a song about what happened and you don't know what that's going to do.

K: So you don't advise people to trust your music?

D: I don't advise people. To trust. Music or books. Or anything.

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CHEMICAL AND

[The following analysis is written by Arthur Konegis, Research Assistant for the National Action/Research on the Military-Industrial Complex which is a special project of the American Friends Service Committee. With careful research, Mr. Konegis specifically points out the cynicism and subterfuge rampant in Nixon's Washington.]

LITTLE OR NO CHANGE INDICATED IN U.S. CBW ACTIVITIES

Richard Nixon's November 25th statement on chemical and biological warfare has been publicized as a major change in U.S. policy and a move on the President's part toward a ban on CBW agents. However, a close analysis of the President's speech reveals that it requires virtually no change in either our current use of chemical weapons in Vietnam, or our research, development and production of these and other CBW munitions.

In specific, the President made the following recommendations:

AS TO OUR CHEMICAL WARFARE PROGRAM, THE U.S.: REAFFIRMS ITS OBTAINED RENUNCIATION OF THE FIRST USE OF LETHAL CHEMICAL WEAPONS. (emphasis added)

This is not a ban on chemical weapons: it is a restriction on first use. However, even this restriction does not cover all chemical weapons; it only covers the ones that the U.S. is not currently using. The range of weapons defined by the U.S. as non-lethal includes all gases (even mustard gas) except the nerve gases (GB and VX). Gases like adamsite (DM), which is being used in Vietnam, are classified as "riot control agents," even though the Army says that DM is not to be used "in any operation where deaths are not acceptable." Even the tear and lung gases, which do not kill their victim directly, are used to drive him into the open where he can be killed by aircraft or gun fire. Yet they are exempted, as "non-lethal" weapons, from the President's restrictions.

"First use" of chemical herbicides and defoliants will also continue, despite the fact that they are used to destroy food crops to starve "the enemy," and to destroy the jungle cover to improve kill ratios. The substances used for these purposes include two arsenic compounds, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T -- the latter banned in the U.S. following a study which showed malformations and birth defects in all of the litters of the test mice administered the chemical during pregnancy. The study followed reports in Saigon newspapers of high rates of birth defects in the Vietnamese countryside.

The "first use" of such chemical warfare munitions as napalm and white phosphorous, classified as incendiaries, will also continue.

EXTENDS THIS RENUNCIATION TO THE FIRST USE OF INCAPACITATING CHEMICALS.

The only CW munition classified by the Army as "incapacitating" is BZ, a psycho-chemical similar to LSD. The Pentagon has admitted that BZ is terribly expensive (at \$20 a pound, it takes 10 tons to knock out a battalion), and it seems, from trial uses in Vietnam, that the gas has been found to be unreliable. The French newspaper L'Express reported a use of BZ by the U.S. Army's 1st Cavalry (Airmobile), March 14, 1966, in the Vietnamese town of Bongson. The problem with BZ is that it affects each person differently. While it makes some people passive, others may act violently irrational. So we are faced with a situation in which the President plans to extend the no-first-use ban to a weapon which we have reportedly used first and found to be ineffective.

CONSONANT WITH THESE DECISIONS, THE ADMINISTRATION WILL SUBMIT TO THE SENATE, FOR ITS ADVICE AND CONSENT TO RATIFICATION, THE GENEVA PROTOCOL OF 1925 WHICH PROHIBITS THE FIRST USE IN WAR OF "ASPHYXIATING, POISONOUS OR OTHER GASES, AND OF BACTERIOLOGICAL METHODS OF WARFARE." (emphasis added)

This treaty, which was never ratified by the Senate largely due to pressure from the chemical industry, the American Legion, and the Army Chemical Corps, provides a ban on first-use-in-war, but does not prohibit research, development, production or stockpiling of CBW munitions.

In addition, the Nixon Administration does not consider tear gases and herbicides to be covered by the Protocol, even though two-thirds of the signatory nations (including Britain, France and the USSR) have officially interpreted the ban on "other gases" as inclusive of such weapons. Thus, our ratification of the Protocol, if we impose these limitations, will serve to weaken the ban, while not affecting our current chemical warfare program in Vietnam.

BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS HAVE MASSIVE UNPREDICTABLE AND POTENTIALLY UNCONTROLLABLE CONSEQUENCES.

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IOLOGICAL

THEY MAY PRODUCE GLOBAL EPIDEMICS AND IMPAIR THE HEALTH OF FUTURE GENERATIONS. I HAVE THEREFORE DECIDED THAT:

THE U.S. SHALL RENOUNCE THE USE OF LETHAL BIOLOGICAL AGENTS AND WEAPONS, AND ALL OTHER METHODS OF BIOLOGICAL WARFARE. (emphasis added)

This statement sounds sweeping indeed, at first reading. However, biological weapons constitute less than 10% of the U.S. arsenal of CBW agents (the rest being chemical). Furthermore, at least part of this BW arsenal will not be covered in the ban because of a re-defining of biological toxins which was one result of U Thant's report to the U.S. General Assembly in July, 1969. That report, compiled by chemical warfare experts from all over the world, reclassified the non-reproductive toxins, which are produced by living organisms, as chemical, rather than biological, warfare agents.

It was discovered that the first chapter of the U.N. report, which included the changed definition, was written by a team headed by Dr. Ivan Bennett, Director of the New York University Medical Center, Research Contract Director of the Army Chemical Corps and an advisor to the Army on epidemiology and pathology. His staff included three Pentagon officials, and the first draft of Bennett's chapter was written by the Army's CBW experts, according to Representative Richard McCarthy, Democrat of New York.

In a telephone conversation with Dr. Bennett, he reported that his staff, even while in Geneva working on negotiations of the final draft, were in telephone contact with the Pentagon "every day." However, he stressed that his participation in the report was that of a private scientist, and thus he could not speak for the Pentagon as to whether they accepted the new definition.

Dr. Benjamin L. Harris, Deputy Assistant Director of Chemical Technology of the Office of Defense Research and Engineering, was then asked about the new definition. He acknowledged that until quite recently the military definition of biological warfare was the "employment of living organisms, toxic biological products, and plant growth regulators to produce death or casualties in man, animals or plants; or defense against such actions." However, he said, now that the U.N. committee of "international experts" had decided on this new, clear definition, "we certainly subscribe to it." (emphasis added)

He was then asked specifically whether the stockpile of 20,000 Botulinum bullets at Pine Bluff Arsenal (revealed in the New York Times, October 31, 1969) would be destroyed. Dr. Harris answered: "What we have and where we have it is still classified."

Botulinum is the deadly toxin given off by Botulism bacteria. Such dead toxins, unlike live germs, would not set off epidemics that might spread beyond the "hostile territory," nor would they produce the "massive, unpredictable and potentially uncontrollable consequences" which the President cited as the drawbacks to the employment of germ warfare weapons.

Thus, far from being banned, as the President implied, the use of germs in warfare has merely been refined. We now produce a "chemical" agent extracted from live germs to induce the disease directly. This allows us to apply the disease to selected targets rather than to rely on random infection. Botulinum bullets, then, could be effective assassination or counterinsurgency weapons which would need only to nick their victims to produce death by Botulism, the disease induced by the powerful toxin.

The President has renounced the militarily unreliable part of the U.S. biological arsenal, and has reclassified the useful part as "chemical substances."

THE U.S. WILL CONFINE ITS BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH TO DEFENSIVE MEASURES SUCH AS IMMUNIZATION AND SAFETY MEASURES. (emphasis added)

This statement provides a wide-open loophole for biological research and development (R&D). It practically negates the President's biological warfare renunciation, at least in respect to its impact on our current activities, since it has been traditional to define biological research and development as "defensive."

For example, the day of the President's speech, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird told Senator Charles Mathias, Jr. (R-Md.) that "there will be no major impact on the basic research in defense systems and safety" being conducted at Fort Detrick, Md., the nation's biological warfare research and development center. (Among the diseases involved in the work at Detrick are pneumonic plague, tularemia, brucellosis, anthrax, encephalitis, glanders, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, undulant fever, psittacosis, cholera, botulism and coccidioidomycosis.) In fact, the Deputy Commanding Officer at Fort Detrick, Colonel Lucien Winegar, "said it would be 'fair to assume' that Detrick will continue to produce dangerous organisms that could be used offensively, since any

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defense against biological weapons involves the production of harmful agents that are potentially available to an enemy," according to reporter John Hanrahan, writing in the November 26, 1969 Washington Post.

As "defense" involves producing "offensive" diseases, so "offense" involves "defensive" inoculation of one's own troops. Thus the lines between defense and offense are blurred to the degree that the distinction becomes meaningless. It would seem that Rep. Richard McCarthy's statement made at Tufts University on September 15, 1969, would still hold true even after the President's speech. McCarthy said:

...there is very little of a defensive nature in our biological warfare program.

We do not have any defense for our civilian population against a germ attack. We do not even have an effective warning system against attack with biological agents... Even our armed forces have no effective means of protection against biological warfare.... We can conclude from the lack of a defense that our germ warfare policy is one that would defend against biological warfare by the threat of a biological attack in retaliation.

Finally, we come to a point in the President's speech which suggests a small change in our actual activities, rather than merely a change in our rhetoric.

THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE HAS BEEN ASKED TO MAKE RECOMMENDATIONS AS TO THE DISPOSAL OF EXISTING STOCKS OF BACTERIOLOGICAL WEAPONS.

Here the President, while not ordering any specific action has asked the Department of Defense to make recommendations about possible actions. It is hard to tell how this will affect our biological warfare facilities. Fort Detrick (the largest BW center, which had a 1969 budget of \$421.5 million) claims that it does not stockpile weapons, but maintains only "limited components for biological testing." Pine Bluff Arsenal in Arkansas (which has 273 refrigerated "igloos" for storage, and biological production facilities to mass-produce its biological agents if they are needed) may have a small portion of its activities cut back, but the Base Commander, Colonel Clyde L. Friar, says: "We have no plans at this time.... It will be Laird's job and that of the DOD to come up with the procedures." If this base does give up storage of germs for biological warfare, it would still retain its stocks of chemical and nerve gas weapons, its stocks of bacteria-produced "toxins," its production facilities for incendiaries and its "defensive" biological research and development.

The Army's largest testing area, the Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah, apparently will not be affected. In fact, the President said nothing at all about the halting of open-air testing such as the kind that killed 6000 sheep outside of Dugway last year.

While little change is indicated in these three leading U.S. CBW installations, there have been reports of cuts in CBW staffs in some areas. Such reports, however, should be carefully scrutinized in light of indications by White House spokesmen that "as much as possible, this [defensive] research will be shifted from the Defense Department to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare." Senator Charles Mathias, in reporting on his interview with Secretary of Defense Laird on the day of the President's speech, also indicated a trend in this direction. A shift of CBW research to such agencies as the National Institutes of Health would be a deceptive victory indeed for CBW critics.

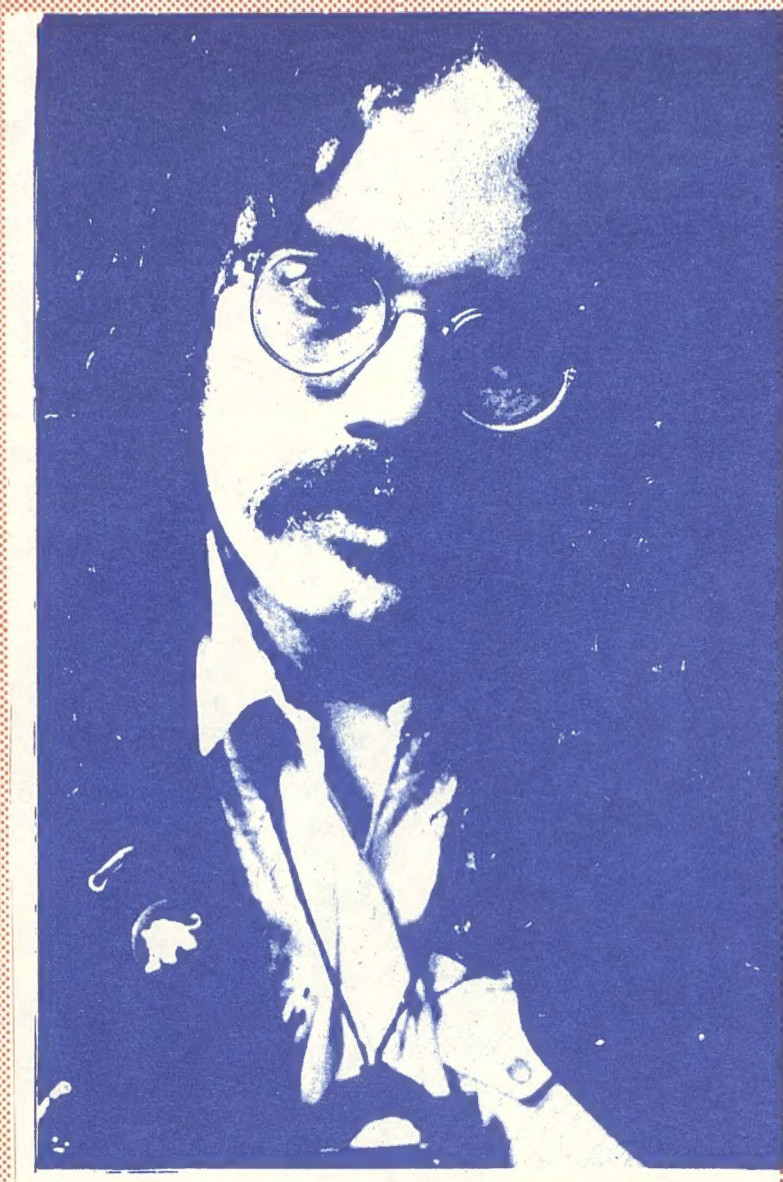
If the purpose of the President's speech was not, then, to indicate a major change in U.S. CBW activities, what was its purpose? It is interesting to note that the President's speech was delivered at a time when the Song My revelations had generated an international atmosphere of anti-American feeling. The speech produced the expected wave of congratulation from European capitals.

The speech also came at a time when the big powers were becoming increasingly fearful of the proliferation of relatively cheap CBW munitions among the smaller nations of the world, as indicated by the final ratification of the nuclear non-proliferation treaty by the U.S. and the USSR the previous day.

Perhaps even more important, the statement came within one day of the publication of Representative McCarthy's book, *The Ultimate Folly: War by Pestilence, Asphyxiation, and Defoliation* (Knopf, 1969), a high point in the anti-CBW movement.

Further, it came the day of the release of still another Congressional investigation which scrutinized U.S. CBW activities.

Thus, while the President's minor restrictions may help the world to breathe a microscopic degree easier, the overall effects of the speech may be the opposite. The President's speech may have served to disarm the President's critics more than to disarm the U.S. CBW capacity.



INTERNATIONAL FREE JOHN SINCLAIR DAY

JANUARY 24, 1970

JOHN SINCLAIR was sentenced to 10 YEARS in prison for passing out free, to an undercover government agent, TWO JOINTS of marijuana. He was busted along with 55 other people in Detroit's Artists' Workshop communes, in a "raid" designed by the police narcotics department, Wayne University, and the lying mass media. The "raid" took place on January 24, 1967, and was an attempt to stomp out the growth of a hip cultural alternative which involved black and white people working creatively together. Over two years later, on July 28, 1969, John was sentenced, and became a POLITICAL PRISONER along with tens of thousands of other victims of cultural repression IN AMERIKA who know marijuana is not a narcotics. He has been denied appeal bond by the Michigan courts, even though his case challenges the very existence of all the insane anti-MARIJUANA laws on constitutional, medical, and social grounds. There are tens of thousands of pot-SMOKERS in prison and tens of millions out of prison. We are all victims of a calculated cultural repression. The POLICE-STATE use of the anti-grass laws has created a vast CONSPIRACY of heads; breathing together & struggling to be free. On January 24, 1970, we all have to "get it on for John"; the International Committee to Free John Sinclair and the Youth International Party will organize permanent coalitions to SERVE THE PEOPLE. The energy generated around ROCK 'N' ROLL benefits, smoke-in/teach-ins, petitions and Legalize MARIJUANA rallies across Woodstock NATION on January 24 should be used to unify the life culture, and to make the coalitions strong. Everyone in every city in our Nation is asked to give a benefit. Every band and poet is asked to talk about John's case and to donate a part of that night's earnings toward his fight for FREEDOM. It has been three years since John's bust AND six months at involuntary servitude in Marquette maximum security prison. JUSTICE is expensive under this system, and funds are urgently needed to end pot-prohibition. January 24 is FOR BROTHER JOHN Sinclair and all other political prisoners. We demand an IMMEDIATE end to marijuana prohibition, and amnesty for all political prisoners.

FREE JOHN

FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS - FREE MARIJUANA

Please let us know what you are planning to do so we can help bring it together.

Contributions can be sent to the International Committee to Free John Sinclair, P.O. Box 444, Planetarium Station, New York, N.Y. 10024.

For more information, subscribe to the Youth International Party News Service, 1520 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104. [313] 761-1709.

[Includes John Sinclair's Prison letters, information from the Ann Arbor White Panther Tribe, catalogs of posters and buttons and literature and records, the UP Rock 'n' Roll Co., Rejuvenation News, and membership in the CONSPIRACY.] Rates are \$10 for 6 months, \$15 for one year. Issues are twice per month.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....Zip.....
Check one: 6 mos.....1 year.....Xtra.....

POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!!

REGISTER!

January is alien registration month

All you alienated folks hurry on
down to the P.O. and get your card

It's Free

People from the state of mind

People from Woodstock Nation

Hungry freaks and mojo mutants

Love it or leave it? We've already left.

(1) MY NAME IS: **MESCHBACH** **KARL - HEINZ** **NMN** **A 12 217 107**

(FAMILY NAME) (FIRST) (MIDDLE) (LAST)

(3) MY ADDRESS IN THE UNITED STATES IS: **22 N. GENE ST** **CHICAGO COOK ILL.** **60614**

(IN CARE OF) (NUMBER AND STREET OR RURAL ROUTE) (APT. NUMBER, IF ANY) (CITY) (COUNTY) (STATE) (ZIP CODE)

(4) I AM: ☒ MALE ☐ FEMALE (5) MY DATE OF BIRTH IS: **6 4 43** (6) I WAS BORN IN: **GERMANY** (7) I AM A CITIZEN OF: **W. GERMANY** (8) MY SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER (IF ANY): **3 2 4 8 8 1 5 3 4 9 4**

(9) I ENTERED THE UNITED STATES **ON: 10 3 1962** (10) I AM IN THE UNITED STATES AS: (CHECK APPROPRIATE BOX) ☒ IMMIGRANT (PERMANENT RESIDENT) ☐ CREWMAN ☐ EXCHANGE ALIEN ☐ STUDENT ☐ OTHER (SPECIFY) _____

(PLACE OR PORT) (DAY) (MONTH) (YEAR) **AT CHICAGO**

1970 ALIEN ADDRESS REPORT
PRINT OR TYPE ANSWERS
COMPLETE ALL ITEMS
DO NOT MAIL
WHEN COMPLETED--HAND CARD TO
CLERK IN ANY U.S. POST OFFICE

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
Immigration and Naturalization Service
FORM APPROVED BUREAU NO. 43-80306
FORM I-53 (REV. 1-1-70)

(11) MY PRESENT OR MOST RECENT EMPLOYER IN THE UNITED STATES IS: **THE CHICAGO SEED 2551 N. HALSTED CHICAGO ILL.** (12) BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE
(NAME OF FIRM OR COMPANY) (STREET ADDRESS) (CITY) (STATE)

(13) I CERTIFY THAT THE INFORMATION ON THIS CARD IS TRUE AND CORRECT TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE

(YOUR SIGNATURE, OR IF UNDER 14 YEARS OLD, SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN) **12. Jan. 1970** (DATE)

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